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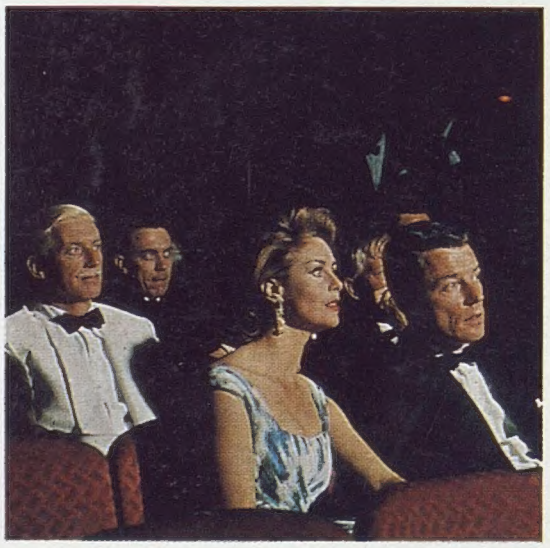

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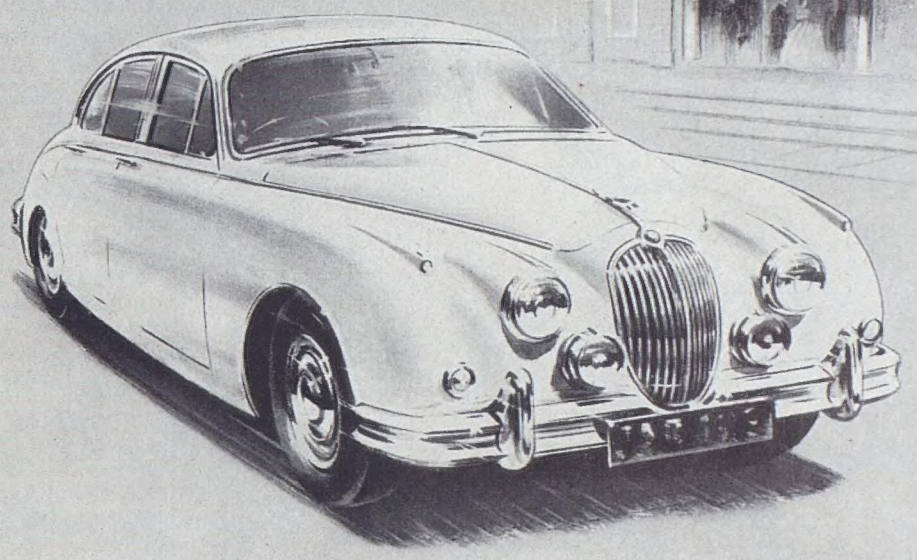

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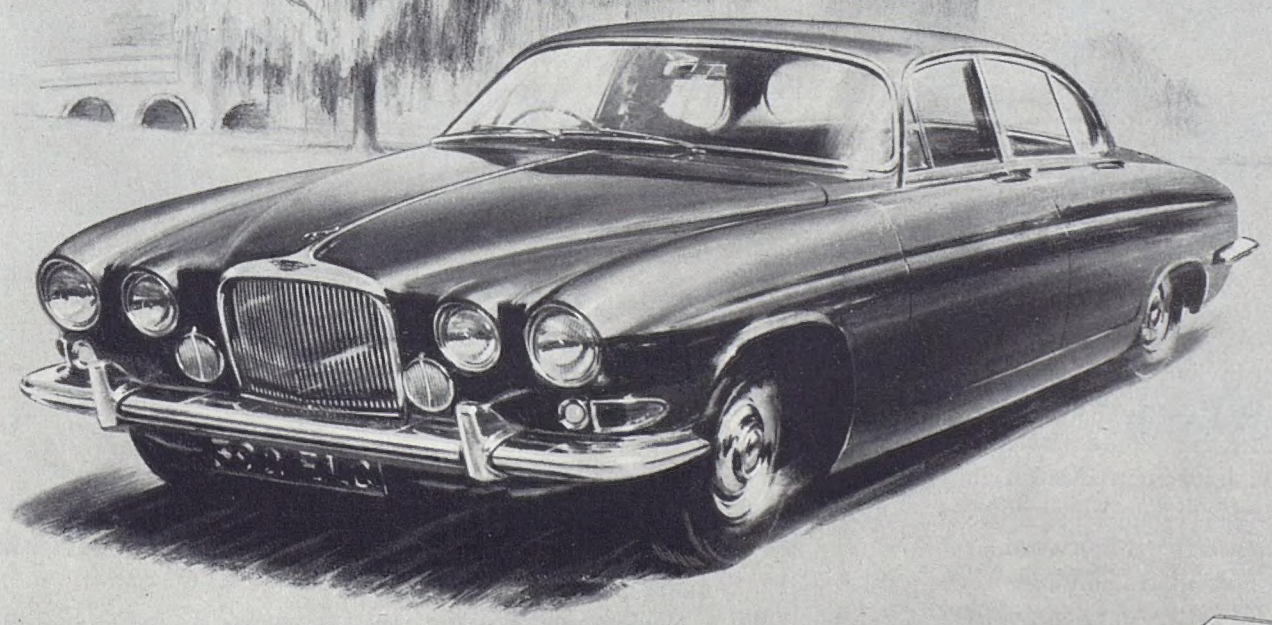

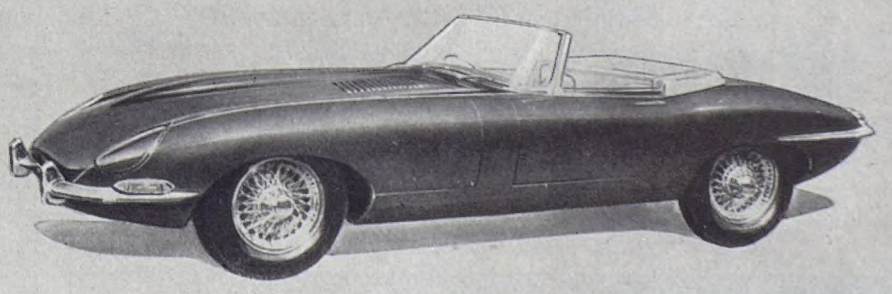

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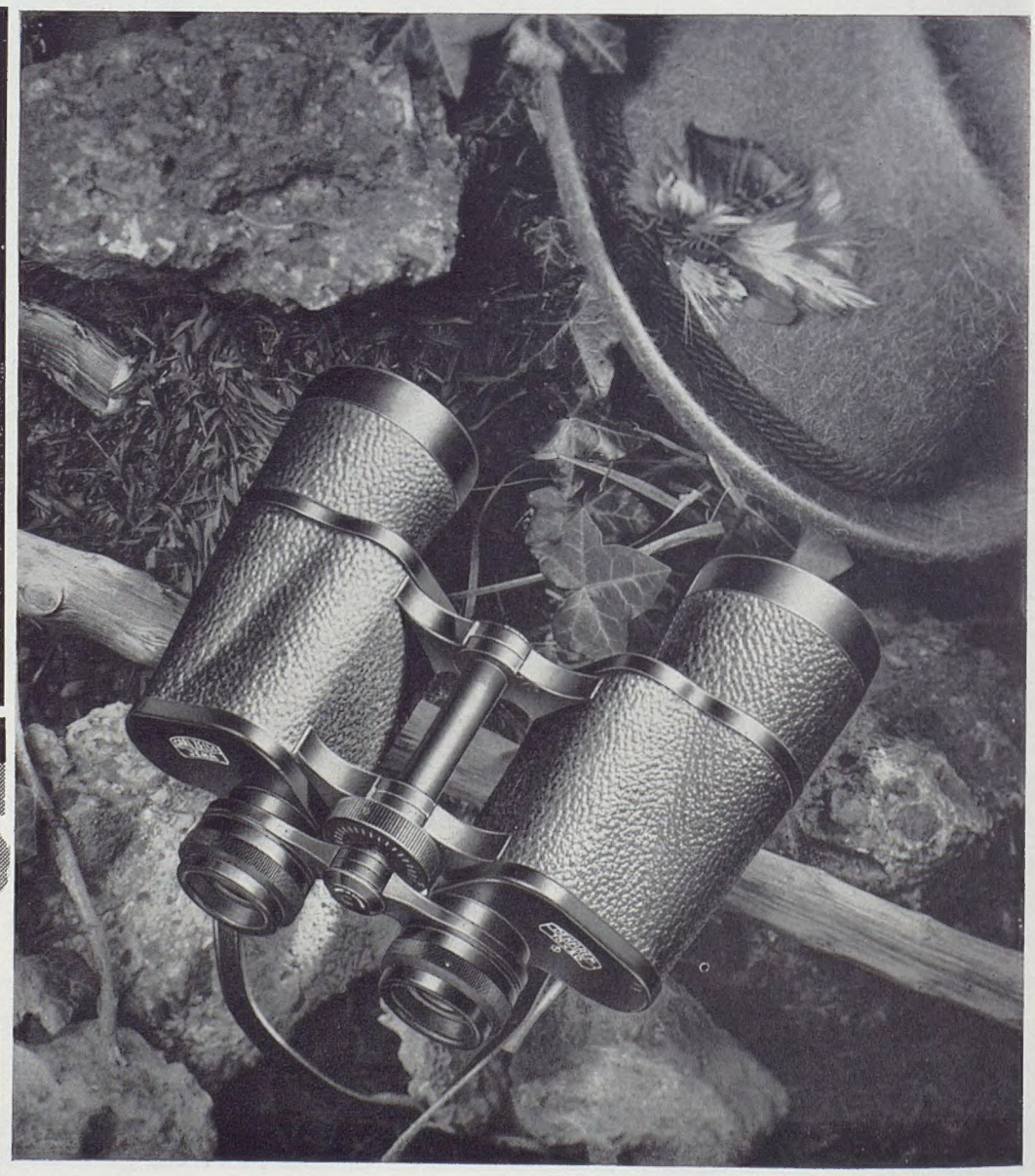

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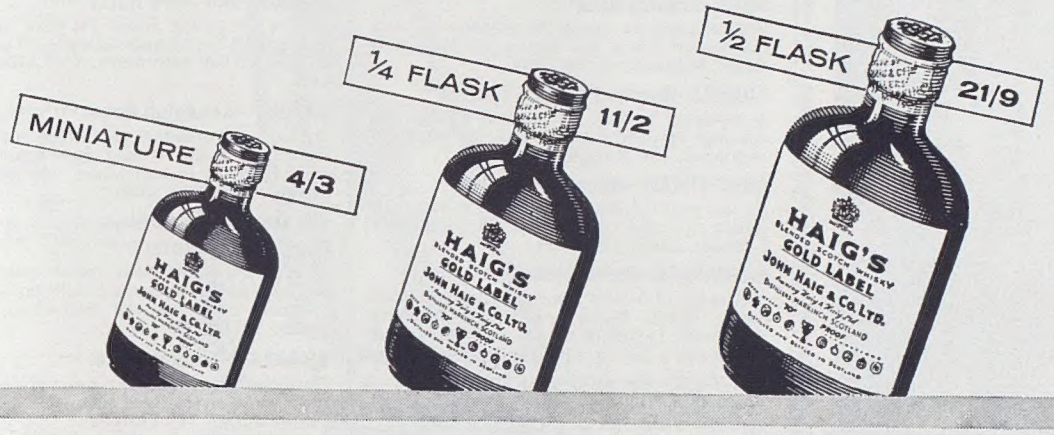

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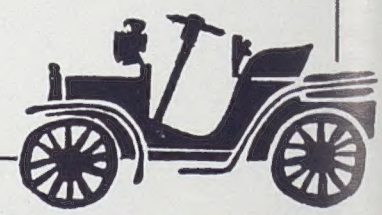

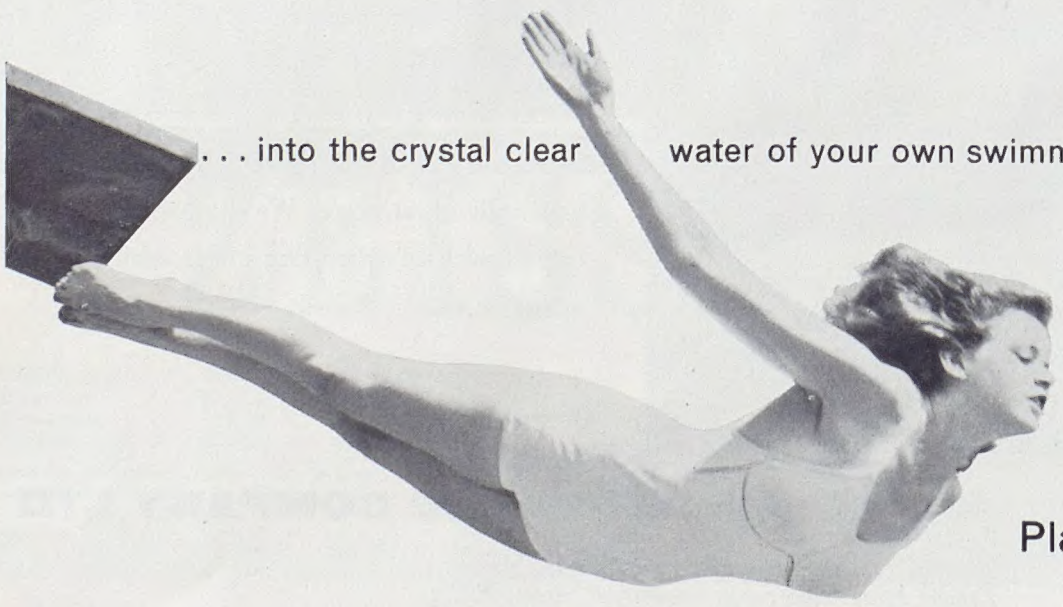

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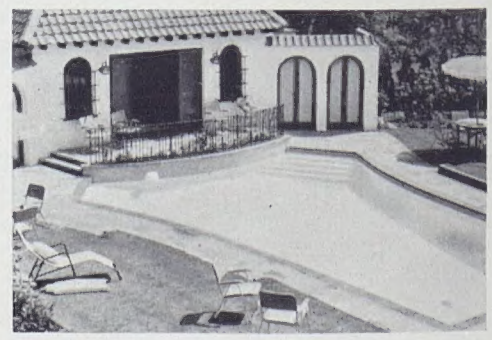

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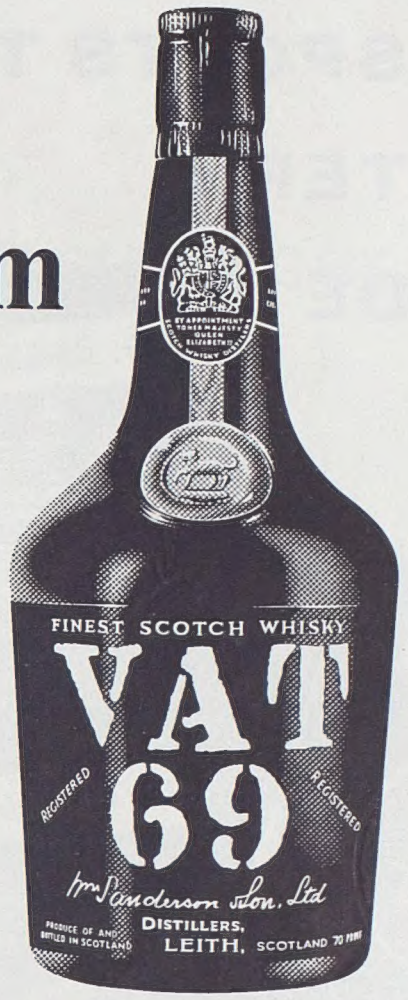

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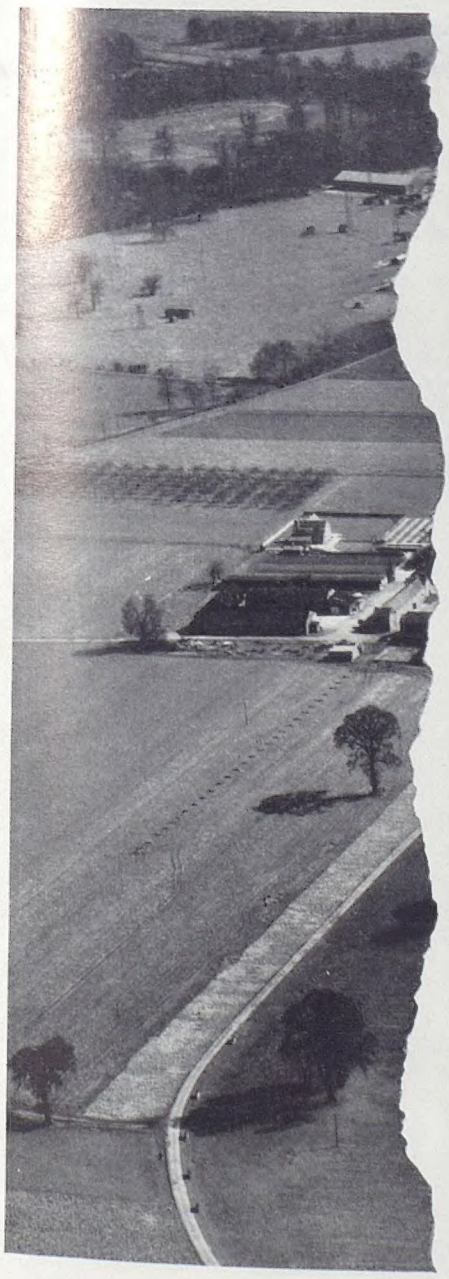

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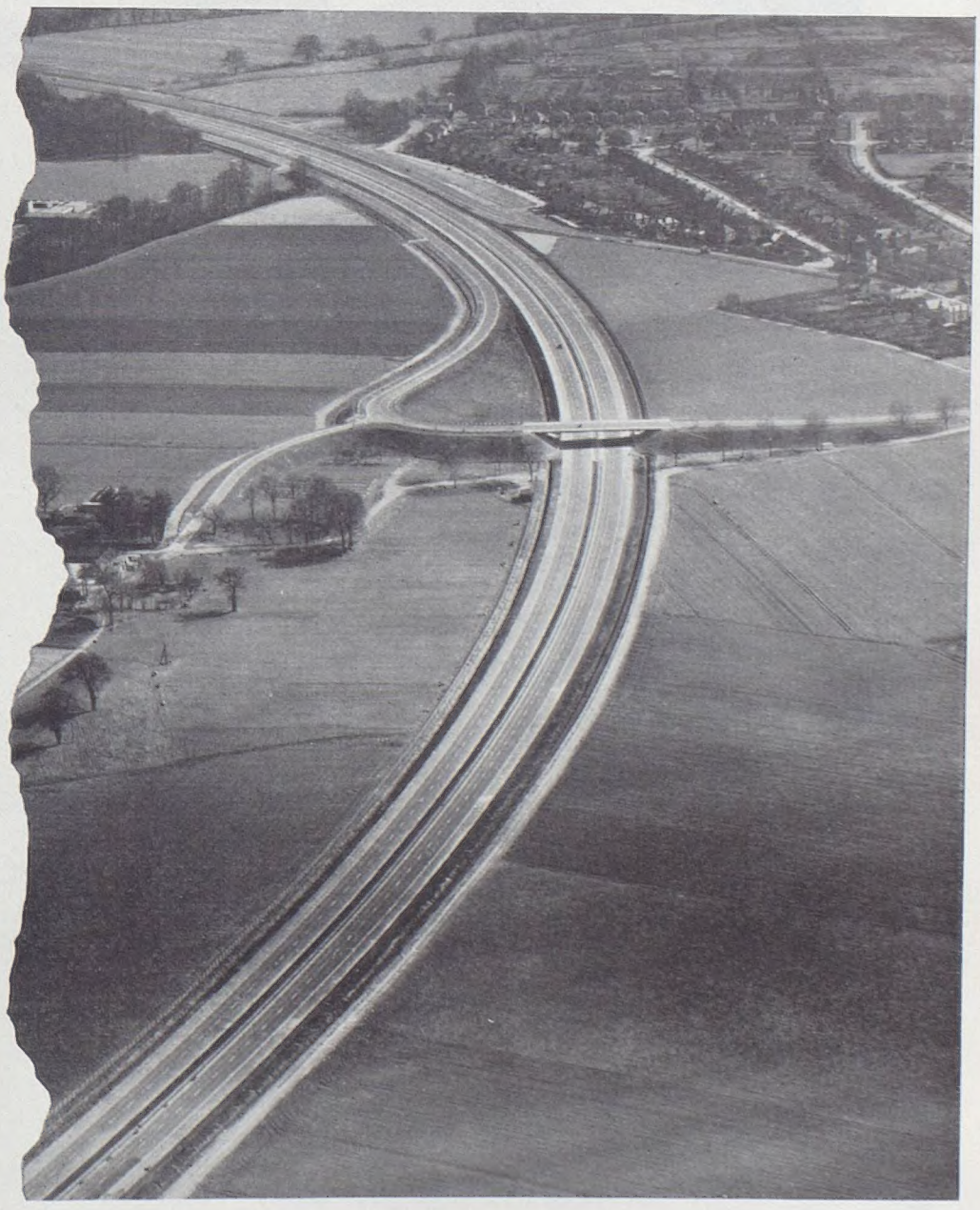

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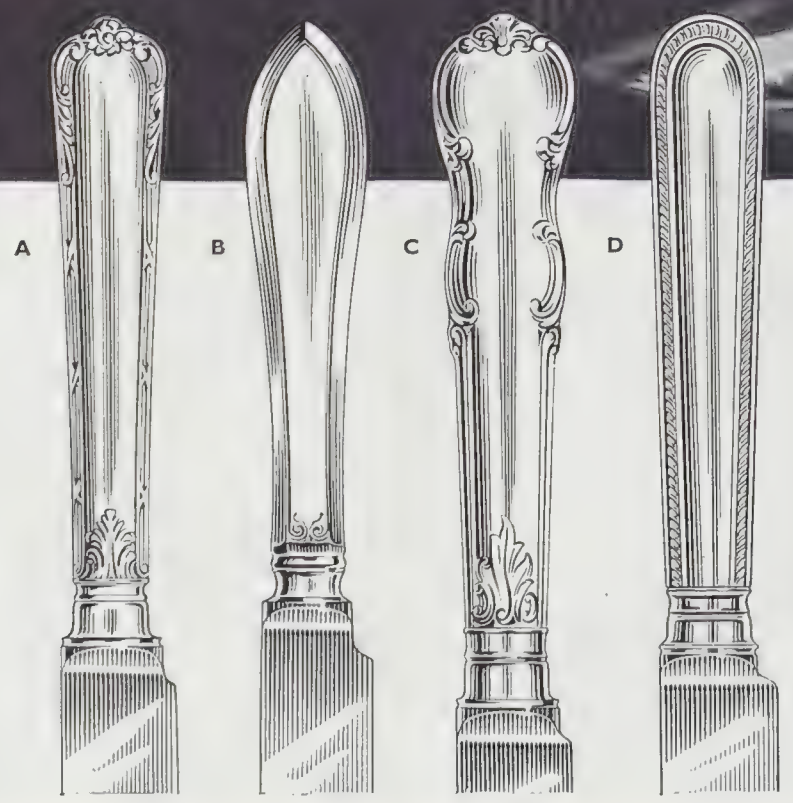

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Volume CCLIII No. 3283

LONDON, May 4, 1963

THE SPHERE

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AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE AT WESTMINSTER

Now that the tension of the ceremonial is over, Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra the Hon. Mrs. Angus Ogilvy relaxes in a broad smile as she and her husband leave Westminster Abbey in the Glass Coach for St. James's Palace

OFF TO A WEDDING

To the smiles and warm affection of all London, Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra of Kent, twelfth in line of succession to the throne, married the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, a member of a great Scottish family of landowners and a City businessman. The day, Wednesday April 24, turned out to be typically English, a misty grey spring morning with the sun trying to break through the clouds. The large crowds lining the routes to and from Westminster Abbey included many visitors from the Commonwealth and overseas. For the wedding, London had seen the largest gathering of members of European Royal Families for many years. A highlight of this period of rehearsal and last minute preparations was the glittering State Ball given in the Waterloo Chamber of Windsor Castle by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Inside Westminster Abbey, the 2,000 guests were headed by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales and the Queen Mother. The chief representatives of the bride's family were her brother, the Duke of Kent, who gave her away, and her mother, Princess Marina, and of the bridegroom's family, his parents, the Earl and Countess of Airlie. Mr. Angus Ogilvy travelled to the Abbey from his Georgian house in Mayfair accompanied by his best man, Mr. Peregrine Fairfax. Princess Alexandra, having driven from Kensington Palace, walked in procession up the nave on the arm of her brother, followed by her seven bridesmaids and pages. On her arrival a fanfare had sounded and the hymn 'Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty' was sung by the choir. The music of the service was directed by Sir William McKie, Organist of Westminster Abbey, with fanfares composed for this service by Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Music.

Already, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Ramsey, attended by his Chaplains and the Rev. H. L. O. Rees, Vicar of Kensington, the Rev. D. C. St. V. Welander, formerly Vicar of Iver, and the Rev. Simon Phipps, had taken his place in the Sacrarium. As the Bride and Groom waited in front of Dr. Ramsey for the music to end and for everyone to be in their places, there was an opportunity for those in the Abbey and the millions watching on television, to look at the Princess's magnificent magnolia-coloured wedding dress, with its 20-ft. long train and veil, and her diamond fringe tiara (which was worn by her mother at her wedding). The Bidding at the start of the Marriage Service was given by the Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Eric Abbott. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury conducted his first Royal Wedding in Westminster Abbey. The bridegroom's responses were in a firm, clear voice; the bride's were quieter, and as she vowed to " take thee, Angus, as my wedded husband," she turned to look at him momentarily. Princess Anne was the only one of the bride's attendants to stand throughout the ceremony; the others sat on specially provided hassocks.

Later, Walford Davies's anthem 'God be in my head,' specially requested by Princess Alexandra, was sung. The Vicar of Kensington, her parish, read the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, followed by the hymn 'Love divine, all loves excelling.' The Archbishop of Canterbury gave his final blessing, and the newly-married couple, attended by Princess Anne, walked slowly to St. Edward's Chapel for the signing of the registers, in the presence of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Marina, the Duke of Kent, the Earl and Countess of Airlie, other relatives and Mr. Fairfax.

There was a slight pause before the final part of the glittering ceremony as the train of Princess Alexandra's dress was arranged. Then to a fanfare of trumpets the bride and groom moved slowly through the Abbey. The couple were evidently very happy, smiling both to friends and at each other. The music played was Toccata in F, by C. M. Widot, and William Walton's March, Crown Imperial, composed for the Coronation of King George VI.

Outside the Abbey was a Guard of Honour of the regiments in England, Northern Ireland, Canada and New Zealand of which Princess Alexandra is honorary Colonel-in-Chief. As they stood under the red and gold canopy at the Great West Door, pipers of the Scots Guards in Royal Stuart tartans piped the " Bonnie House of Airlie." A further Scottish touch to the wedding was added by the sprigs of heather among the flowers at the High Altar.

From the Abbey, the happy couple drove up Whitehall and along the Mall in the Glass Coach accompanied by a travelling escort of the Royal Horse Guards, the Blues. Following them to the reception at St. James's Palace were the Royal Family and their guests. Later, the honeymooners left the Palace to drive to London Airport to fly to Scotland, where they spent the first part of their honeymoon at Birkhall, an eighteenth century mansion on Deeside.

Mr. Angus Ogilvy grins happily as he leaves for Westminster Abbey followed by Mr. Peregrine Fairfax

On their way to the wedding—the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales

The cheerful guests—Princess Margaret and Lord Snowd

The crowds wave and smile as Princess Alexandra, accompanied by the Duke of Kent, arrives at the Abbey from Kensington Palace

The bride's mother, Princess Marina

The bride's sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent. **Below:** The Queen Mother

Brother and sister—the Duke of Kent flew home from his army duties in Hong Kong to give Princess Alexandra away

Hand-in-hand, the scene-stealers at the wedding arrive at the West Door—the seven bridesmaids and pages. From left, foreground, the Archduchess Elisabeth of Austria, the Master of Ogilvy and Miss Georgina Butter. Behind are the Hon. Doune Ogilvy, Princess Anne, Master Simon Hay and Miss Emma Tennant. **Right:** The chief bridesmaid, Princess Anne, wearing her hair up for the first time

In the Sacrarium are the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles, the Queen Mother, Princess Marina, the Duchess of Kent, and Prince Michael of Kent. Immediately behind the Queen is King Olaf of Norway and behind him Princess Margaret, Lord Snowdon, and ex-King Umberto of Italy. And just below the steps, extreme bottom right, is the best man. They are expectantly awaiting the arrival, **right,** of Princess Alexandra on the arm of her brother

WAITING FOR THE BRIDE

THE START OF THE SERVICE

Left: Her 20-ft.-long billowing magnolia white train and veil just brushing over the tomb of the Unknown Warrior, Princess Alexandra, with the Duke of Kent, walks slowly up the Nave. Hand-in-hand behind her walk her bridesmaids and pages, the bridesmaids in dresses of heavy white silk and the pages in white jackets and kilts. **Below:** The Duke of Kent gives away his sister. **Right:** After the bidding by the Dean of Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury solemnises the marriage. Behind the Royal Family, Princess Marina, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Michael and Princess Paul, are second row, from left, Graf zu Toerring-Jettenbach, Prince Paul, ex-Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, ex-Queen Helen of Rumania, the Queen of Sweden, Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, the Queen of Denmark, the Queen of the Hellenes and King Olaf of Norway. Back row are: Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone (partly hidden), the Princess Royal, Prince Richard of Kent, Prince William of Gloucester, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Gloucester, Lord Snowdon and Princess Margaret

AT THE ALTAR

Left: The Queen kneels at one of the most solemn moments of the service. Bride and groom are kneeling in front of the altar. **Below:** After the singing of the Psalm, the Precentor leads the congregation in prayer. Further prayers were offered by the Dean. Then came the singing of the anthem "God be in my head" to Walford Davies's setting. After this, the Rev. H. L. O. Rees, Vicar of Kensington, read Corinthians I, 13

The Archbishop of Canterbury, holding the Primatial Cross, gives the blessing at the end of the service

The just married couple, as they move slowly down the Nave, smile and acknowledge the good wishes of friends in the packed congregation

MAN AND WIFE

OUT TO THE OPEN AIR

Right: Outside the Abbey, the married couple exchange a happy glance

Left: Leaving the Abbey are the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales, followed by the Queen Mother, King Olaf of Norway and the Queen of the Hellenes, and by Queen Louise of Sweden, Queen Ingrid of Denmark and Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark

Far left: In procession down the aisle are, from the foreground, Princess Désirée of Sweden, Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, Prince William of Gloucester and Prince Richard of Gloucester. In the background are the Earl and Countess of Harewood, with their son, Viscount Lascelles

Left: Guests from abroad —in the left foreground is Don Juan Carlos of Spain and behind him the Comte de Paris

THE DRIVE FROM THE ABBEY

The Princess and her husband leave the Abbey. **Below:** Driving in the Glass Coach to St. James's Palace

Acknowledging greetings from spectators

he coach sets out from the Abbey. **Below:** The scene on Horse Guards Parade

April 24, 1963. One of the first photographs taken of Princess Alexandra after her marriage

"The Practical Princess"

A Pictorial Biography from Childhood to Marriage

A happy study of Princess Alexandra in her early childhood

At the age of 26, Princess Alexandra of Kent is a familiar figure in countries inside and outside the Commonwealth. There can be no question that the greetings which reached her from so many quarters of the globe on the occasion of her marriage to the Hon. Angus Ogilvy were heartfelt and not merely formal. She is pre-eminently the "Practical Princess." The first British princess to have a "normal" school career, she has a real understanding of the ordinary way of life in whatever country she may be.

Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel was born on Christmas Day, 1936, the second child and only daughter of Prince George, Duke of Kent, fourth son of King George V, and Princess Marina, youngest daughter of Prince Nicholas of Greece. The two other children of the marriage are Edward, present Duke of Kent, and elder brother of Princess Alexandra, and Prince Michael, her younger brother.

Tragedy struck them in 1942 when their father was killed in an air crash in Scotland while on his way to inspect British forces in Iceland. It was not until after the war—in 1947—that Princess Alexandra came before the public eye, as a bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin Princess Elizabeth, now the Queen. Soon after this she went to Heathfield School near Ascot as a boarder. She rounded off her education at a finishing school in Paris.

But this was only the start of her public education. Before she was 21 she went with her mother on official visits to Canada and to Latin America. Once she had attained her majority she undertook on her own a series of important missions: to Australia in 1959, primarily for the Queensland centenary; to Nigeria in 1960 as the Queen's representative for Independence; and in the following years to Canada, for the second time; Hong Kong;

(*Continued on page 182*)

The baby Princess Alexandra is held by her mother. The Princess was born on Christmas Day, 1936

A walk with her father, the Duke of Kent, in the London Zoo in 1939

Aged four-and-a-half. A photograph taken at Coppins, the residence of the Kents near Iver in Buckinghamshire

"The Practical Princess"

The Duchess of Kent with her three children—Edward, Alexandra and Michael—in July 1943

Feeding the chickens with her elder brother at Coppins 20 years ago

The Duke and Duchess of Kent with their two elder children a yea

rother and sister. The present Duke of Kent th the Princess in the grounds of Coppins in 1943

The christening of Prince Richard of Gloucester at Windsor in 1944. Princess Alexandra is sitting on the ground in front of Queen Mary and the Duchess of Gloucester. Princess (now Queen) Elizabeth is sitting extreme right

before the Duke was killed in a wartime flying accident

Watering the flowers at Heathfield School in Surrey. Princess Alexandra was the first British princess to have a normal school career, being sent as a boarder to Heathfield. **Right:** With her mother the Princess arrives to be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten (elder daughter of Lord Mountbatten) and Lord Brabourne at Romsey Abbey in 1946. **Below:** The family at Coppins in 1948

Princess Alexandra on her wedding day. At the end of the service in Westminster Abbey she and her husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, pause to bow to the Queen before leaving the church in procession

The Duchess of Kent and her children with their attendants grouped in the Throne Room in Buckingham Palace on Coronation Day, 1953

Aged 20, presenting wings at No. 5 Flying Training School of the R.A.F. at Oakington

"The Practical Princess"

Princess Alexandra with her mother and elder brother at Coppins—another of the photographs from 1956

1956. Patron of the Junior Red Cross at a rally in Edinburgh

A 21st birthday portrait. The Princess in the grounds of Kensington Palace in London, during 1957

After receiving an honorary Doctorate of Laws at the University of Queensland—an incident during her visit to Australia for the Queensland centenary in 1959

Giving a carnation from her presentation bouquet to a resident after opening the Royal Alfred Merchant Seamen's Society's home at Erith

At Guildhall in the City of London in 1960. The Princess joins in the toast of the Lord Mayor, proposed by King Bhumipol of Thailand. Queen Sirikit is on the left. **Below:** Nigerian Independence, 1960. With the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson, and Lady Robertson and the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, in Lagos

Launching the liner *Oriana* from the yard of Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow-in-Furness in 1959

1961—during her tour of the Far East Princess Alexandra is shown round the famous Shwedagon Temple in Rangoon by U Ba Gyan, a Trustee. All must be barefoot in the Temple

(*Continued from page 175*)

Japan (a State visit); Thailand; Burma; Aden; Egypt; Sudan; Libya and, last year, Stockholm for the British Trade Fair.

The Practical Princess at one time took a course in nursing at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children in London. Her keen patronage of many welfare and other worthy institutions is therefore based upon experience.

She first met her husband about eight years ago. The Hon. Angus James Bruce Ogilvy is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, an old Scottish family who for several generations have been personally associated with the Royal Court. Not the least interesting news about the engagement was that it provided a link between the Royal Family and Sir Winston Churchill. Lady Churchill is a descendant of a former Earl of Airlie.

Mr. Ogilvy, who is aged 34, was educated at Eton and after National Service went to Trinity College, Oxford. He is a businessman. Like his wife he is a practical person, and no doubt the two of them will continue to give a practical interpretation of the meaning today of Britain's Royal Family in the Commonwealth and the rest of the world.

At the British Trade Fair in Stockholm in 1962. The Princess is escorted by Sir William McFadzean on her tour of the exhibits

In Hong Kong a Rover Scout, Tsui Wing-man, looks on as the Princess watches children assembling plastic flowers in the Tsuen Wan Community Centre—1961

A Vice-Patron pays an informal visit to the Y.W.C.A. hostel in Hampstead and meets Livika Euba from Nigeria

"The Practical Princess"

One of the first photographs taken of Princess Alexandra and Mr. Angus Ogilvy after their engagement

In the Glasgow School of Art, the affianced Princess admires drawings. **Above:** The engaged couple arrive at a London theatre. **Right:** On the way to Thatched House Lodge, in Richmond Park, to plan their future home

At St. James's Palace, Princess Anne helps carry the bride's train

Helpful advice before one of the formal group photographs is taken

The groom gives each bridesmaid a gold bracelet and the two pages a gold pencil each

The bride and groom stand with their parents, Princess Marina and the Earl and Countess of Airlie, the best man, Mr. Peregrine Fairfax, and bridesmaids and pages. Of the children, Doune Ogilvy and the Master of Ogilvy are the children of Lord Ogilvy, the groom's elder brother; Emma Tennant is a niece of the groom, Georgina Butter is Princess Alexandra's goddaughter, and Simon Hay is the son of Princess Marina's private secretary, Sir Philip Hay. The reception at St. James's Palace was attended by about 500 guests

Left : Princess Alexandra and her husband, with members of their families and principal guests at St. James's Palace. Sitting are Doune Ogilvy, the Archduchess Elisabeth of Austria, the Master of Ogilvy, Simon Hay, Georgina Butter and Emma Tennant. Standing, front row from left, are Prince Michael of Kent, the Countess and Earl of Airlie, Princess Marina, bride and groom, Prince Philip, the Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Anne, Prince Charles, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Back row from left are Mr. Peregrine Fairfax, Lady Griselda Balfour, Captain Iain Tennant, Lady Lloyd, Mr. James Ogilvy, Lady Ogilvy, Lord Ogilvy, Mrs. James Ogilvy, Lord Lloyd, Lady Margaret Tennant, and Major Peter Balfour

WEDDING GROUPS

A kiss for her mother from Princess Alexandra as she and her husband prepare to leave St. James's Palace and start on their honeymoon. In the doorway is one of the Scots Guards pipers who piped the couple away. Owing to fog their aircraft had to be diverted to the Royal Naval Air Station at Lossiemouth, Morayshire. After a wait there, they finished their journey to Birkhall by road

FAREWELLS

The Earl of Airlie says goodbye to his daughter-in-law

A wave from the steps of their aircraft at London Airport

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AN OGILVY CASTLE HOME

Cortachy Castle, a seat of the Earl of Airlie, head of the Clan Ogilvy, is in Angus, which, though it will astonish and grieve every Angus man to be told this, is to English people one of the least known of Scottish counties. True, Glamis Castle also lies within its boundaries, and Dundee and Forfar, Arbroath, Brechin and Montrose, and these are names known to every Englishman: Glamis Castle because of its connection with Royalty, the rest because they figure weekly in the football pools. But, if you think that because of this Angus must also be known, well nip out and ask the next passer-by in which county Dundee is and I'll wager that Angus is the last answer you'll get. Even for those English people who visit Scotland regularly for their holidays, Angus is unknown. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that for Englishmen as a whole the Scottish counties are anonymous. One goes to the Highlands or to the Isles, to this resort, this town, or that: the county boundaries mean little or nothing.

Broadly speaking, I think that this is true for Scotsmen too. At least, I have never heard a Scotsman boast of being a Clackmannanshire man or a Nairnshire man, and when a man boasts of being an Aberdonian you can take it that he is referring to the town and not to the county. In my experience there are but three firm exceptions to this general rule. Caithness men are very conscious of their county and are inclined to regard it (and themselves) as being in some way apart from Scotland: Fife men are prone to talk of the Kingdom of Fife: and Angus men? Well, Angus men harbour a passionate local patriotism.

Oh, tell me what was on yer road, ye
roarin' norlan' wind
As ye cam blawin' frae that land that's
niver frae my mind?
My feet they trayvel England, but
I'm deein' for the north—
" My man, I heard the siller tides rin
up the Firth o' Forth."

Aye, Wind, I ken them well eneuch,
and fine they fa' and rise,
And fain I'd feel the creepin' mist on
yonder shore that lies,
But tell me, ere ye passed them by,
what saw ye on the way?
" My man, I rocked the roarin' gulls that
sail abune the Tay."

But saw ye naethin,' leein' Wind,
afore ye cam to Fife?
There's muckle lyin' ayont the Tay
that's mair to me nor life.

" My man, I swept the Angus braes
ye haena trod for years—"
O Wind, forgie a hameless loon that
canna see for tears. . . .

Those lines are from Violet Jacob's poem *The Wild Geese*, and they describe exactly the passion an Angus man has for his county. I know: for one of my greatest friends, the late Patrick Chalmers, was an Angus man and, though he lived on Thames-side, his heart was always " ayont the Tay." Maybe, you'll know these lines of his:

Now, when the sportsman is flitting
from market and Mammon,
Now, when the courts, swept and
garnished, stand silent and lone,
Now, with the challenging grouse,
and the sea-silver salmon,
August, of mountains and memories,
comes to her own;
Would you gaze into the crystal and
see the long valleys,
Braes of the north and the rivers that
wander between,
Crags with whose coating the tint of
the ptarmigan tallies?
Come up to Euston to-night about 7.15.

It was not the Highlands he was thinking about, but his own county of Angus. This may surprise you, for Angus is a Lowland county.

At least, two-thirds of it is. By lower Tayside and along the Earn there is a grand sweep of arable land dipping to the streams. The Carse of Gowrie is a great wide strip divided by hedges and screens of trees, planted in single file. Viewed from the Sidlaw Hills, the Carse is astonishingly flat and empty, the villages few and far between: the soil too rich to support houses. Strathmore is a wide valley—a narrow plain would, perhaps, be a better description—which starts in Perthshire and runs right across the county to the sea at Montrose. Sandwiched between the Grampians and the low ridge of the Sidlaw Hills, this is one of the richest farming and fruit-growing districts in the British Isles.

This, and it comprises most of Angus, is all Lowland country. But to the north and northwest, on the far side of Strathmore from Glamis Castle, it is Highland country: the Braes of Angus, where the high outliers of the Grampians, the Bechinnan mountains, are broken up into a series of glens, deep and lonely and surpassingly beautiful. The best known of these glens are Glen Isla, Glen Prosen, Glen Clova, and the valley of the North Esk.

The Princess and Mr. Ogilvy on the steps of Airlie Castle, another home in Angus of the Earl of Airlie, (left). Princess Marina is on right

Cortachy Castle stands at the foot of this country, more or less at the entrance to Glen Clova. The South Esk river flows through Glen Clova, and the pasture-land is rich: Cortachy has a famous herd of cattle. Here it could be truthfully said, I think, you have the best of both worlds: Highland and Lowland.

Yet these glens are little visited by the tourist. It would not be too much to say that the Braes of Angus is virtually unknown country. This is strange, because all the glens are traversed by roads, narrow maybe, but perfectly motorable. I suppose that the reason is that none of them, except that through Lower Glen Isla, leads anywhere. The Lower Glen Isla road does provide a through route to the west for motorists, but even in the height of summer this road is little used. It is wonderful country for the walker, however. From the remote (and remote is the right word) heads of the glens a number of paths and tracks lead towards the Dee valley, the White Mounth and Balmoral Forest, and the Lochnagar mountains. You can walk all day up there with only birds and sheep for company, with never the sight of another human.

But, in view of the passionate interest of the British housewife in all matters connected with Royalty, I expect all this to be different this summer; at least, so far as Glen Clova is concerned. I suspect that Glen Clova is about to experience a considerable increase in motor-traffic. The drive is well worth while. A short distance beyond Dykehead the road divides, one branch running on each side of the river to meet again just to the south-east of Clova Church: so that it is possible to drive up one bank and down the other. If you are really adventurous, then continue on past the tiny village to Braedownie, where the road ends. This is a drive which requires both care and skill, but it is through some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery in all Scotland.

Better still, leave your car at Clova Church and take the track which leads northwards from a point near the church and right into the hills to reach Loch Brandy, which, encircled by mountains, lies at a height of 2,098 ft. That is one of the best and most exciting walks I know in Britain. It is not very far: but you will probably need a brandy when you reach the loch.

Cortachy Castle in County Angus on the east coast of Scotland

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

The home of the newly-married couple is Thatched House Lodge, in Richmond. Built in the middle of the eighteenth century and owned by the Duchess of Sutherland, it has 24 rooms

A ROYAL WEDDING. All the world loves a lover and love turns to adoration over a Royal Romance. How could it be otherwise when such an occasion reopens on a drab, scientific age a magic window opening on faery-lands (too long forlorn), and fairy furnishings (the furnishings of Victorian nurseries and schoolrooms); the glass slippers, the pumpkin coaches, frog-footmen and fairy wands, Princess Charming and young Aladdin; above all the assurance that (in fairyland at any rate) each story will end: "And they lived happily ever after." I imagine that Royal Marriages always touched off the public's romantic sentiments. My grandfather, who was no sentimentalist but a great hoarder, was obviously present in the Chapel Royal on January 25, 1858. That must have been the marriage of the Princess Royal to the heir of Prussia. The question of the venue of that wedding had given Queen Victoria an occasion of one of her most imperial snubs. The copy of the marriage service, beautifully bound in ivory boards with gold edging, lies before me in mint condition. No doubt grandpapa felt the romance and laid the copy up in lavender. Austere enough: the Princess of course promised to obey. There was a choice of the 128th or 67th Psalm, but, though no doubt fine professional music was performed, no hymn was offered the congregation. Although Queen Victoria enjoyed a good chuckle, both she and the Prince Consort at ceremonies, even happy ones, more often assumed the role of chief mourners; and that wedding was no exception. How different the present Royal Family! They positively revel in wedding ceremonies and they are the life and soul of the company at the weddings of their friends and subjects. And that is something of a paradox. We should have expected the Victorian Court to take the fairy-tale line, the Elizabethan to play it more cool. But how good for us all to find occasion for a fairy-story to colour our drab and disillusioned era; and how appropriate that it should be encouraged from the Royal Circle which has set a fine example in upholding the integrity of marriage vows. Windsor Castle was crammed with members of Royal Houses rallying in support.

CONFIDENT GOOD WISHES. With neither of the happy pair can I claim any but the most oblique acquaintance. I recall that I wrote for D.N.B. the notice of Princess Alexandra's father, and in my researches to that end I learned many proofs of his promise and accomplishments and of his informed cultural tastes when his character, which had in it no trace of meanness, was formed, and his happy marriage gave purpose and direction to his tragically short life. In my youth I stayed sometimes both at Cortachy and at Airlie, and, though my memory grows dim, I can

November 29, 1934: An official picture of Princess Marina immediately after her marriage to the Duke of Kent, who is wearing the uniform of a Commander in the Royal Navy. The wedding was solemnised in Westminster Abbey, then in the Chapel at Buckingham Palace, according to the rites of the Greek Orthodox Church

Rehearsals at Westminster Abbey—Princess Anne leaves the Abbey. **Below:** Dr. Ramsey arrives. **Below, right:** The principals are greeted by many sightseers and photographers

)ff to Windsor Castle for the Royal Ball—Princess Alexandra, her mother and Mr. Angus Ogilvy leave Kensington Palace. Held two days before the wedding, ;e reception and ball in the Waterloo Chamber, given by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh for the Princess, was attended by nearly 2,000 guests

1863—The Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) and Princess Alexandra of Denmark after their wedding at the Chapel Royal, Windsor

confidently testify that during those visits, laughter and gaiety banished whatever spooks those castles claim to possess. At Glamis, on the other hand, despite a multitude of cheerful young people of both sexes, no amount of jollity quite succeeded in banishing its eerieness. On those slender threads I base a firm conviction that on both sides the auguries are favourable and that this happy couple from the book of fairy-tales will indeed (given all the luck that lightens life) "live happily ever after." For I believe that, like the young Duke of Kent and his Duchess, Princess Alexandra and her bridegroom clearly appreciate the things that matter and that make for a happy life, and set no great store by the glitter and the gold. But ceremonial and pomp are today the exclusive métier of Royalty; and protocol, less arduous and boring than it was, is still compulsive and even attractive, and these young couples will do their shares of the duty. For today they alone put on the pageantry, which before the wars was supplied by a much wider circle.

PAT HODGSON. A man who, when he dies, is thought worthy of an obituary notice in leading newspapers, deserves something better than a short summary taken from *Who's Who*, supplying details of his age and the posts he held. For a man likely to be mourned by a large circle of friends, such details are too irrelevant to be worth printing when shorn of any character sketch which indicates why he was held in affection; and it is then usually left to his friends to supply in " supplementaries " details of the things that mattered in his life. Pat Hodgson all his life revealed the kindest heart and the most sympathetic nature. No trouble was too much for him if he could help a friend. He was the most devoted son of Radley, where he was educated, and, himself a Peter Pan, spent both his money and his practical sympathy in many efforts for the welfare of young people. His individual mannerisms endeared him to his friends who were legion. His skipping walk, his peculiar gestures with his fumbling hands, his occasional air of mystery, his absent-mindedness, his powers of mimicry and piano vamping, his perpetual occupation with projects for the betterment of others, all contributed to the affection in which he was held. Lord Byng was devoted to him from the day when he was launched into III Army H.Q. as a temporary staff officer and scattered a tray of documents over his chief's desk and floor. Pat acted as his private secretary in Canada (1922-25) and Byng acknowledged his worth and devoted loyalty while he sometimes chuckled over his anxieties. Pat served the Duke of York (later King George VI) with no less devotion in a difficult rôle for seven years from 1926. I had known him well since 1898 and only regret that I saw so little of him in his last years of ill-health. In 65 years of friendship one learns a good deal of a man's worth and goodness of heart.

THE TRUTH AT LAST? My passport was out of date and I have renewed it. For years I have dreaded periodical renewals, for though the business is fairly easy and quick, it includes a visit to the passport photographer, and he, whether he be that rare person, one who tells nothing but the truth without fear or favour, or a sadist of first magnitude, is bound to inflict a grievous wound. Under the frightful glare of his spotlight no secret is hid, no furrow, no blemish, dodges his lens. A head that, in an ordinary glass, may admit to be " thinning on the top," on the other hand, is revealed as totally hairless, bald as a coot's, in a passport photograph. I cannot believe that it is in the public interest to show these British death's heads to continental officials, nor particularly helpful either. For I cling to the belief that a tourist from Britain, even if he lands seasick, frozen or otherwise distressed, is not to be identified with the fearful exhibit on his passport. No doubt it is good to " know oneself," to accept the worst that time can do to one's face, to compare one's latest photograph with that taken ten years ago. Yet, here lies one ray of hope—the latest picture, ghastly as it is, is hardly more frightful than that of 1953. Perhaps the camera *lies*; in this context one clutches at a straw.

THE OLD STAGER

MIDLANDS MATTERS

A new weekly feature under this title will start in " The Sphere " next week (May 11). " The Sphere " Midlands Correspondent will focus attention on industrial events and personalities in the area, with special emphasis on the Birmingham region. On its first appearance next week, the column will form part of a special section surveying industry and other aspects of Birmingham and the Midlands. As well as Midlands Matters, and a general article on the Industrial Midlands, features will include drawings of the Birmingham Conservative Club by Geoffrey S. Fletcher; The Countryside around Birmingham by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald; and Good Living—in and around Birmingham by Ganymede. In the regular Leaders of British Industry series the subject will be Mr. W. E. Kenrick, President of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce.

Orders for next week's issue, to be published at the usual price of 2s. 6d., should be placed with your usual newsagent. In case of difficulty please write direct to the Publisher, " The Sphere," 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL BACK IN LONDON ON ANZAC DAY . . . AND THE CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH

Sir Winston Churchill acknowledges greetings as he arrives back at his London home at Hyde Park Gate. He returned last week by air from a fortnight in Monte Carlo and was met at London Airport by Lady Churchill. The day of his return was Anzac Day, the anniversary of the landing of troops of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps at Gallipoli in 1915. Sir Winston was one of the chief proponents of the strategic advantages of an Eastern as opposed to Western campaign. **Far right:** At the Cenotaph in Whitehall, wreaths are laid to commemorate Anzac Day. Extreme left is the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Sir Thomas Macdonald, and extreme right, the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Eric Harrison

A GESTURE IN JORDAN

ON THE WAY TO THE PLAIN OF JARS

Below right: King Hussein of Jordan smiles as a sheikh gestures while shaking hands with him during a Press conference given by the former in Amman. He said the current disturbances in the country were being caused by "disruptive elements." He felt there was no need to appeal for foreign help, as he had done in 1958. He also referred obliquely to the possibility of a referendum on Jordan's future

Far right: Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Laotian Prime Minister, poses in Vientiane with Avtar Singh, the Indian chairman of the three-power International Control Commission, before flying to the Plain of Jars. There the Premier met his half-brother, Prince Souphannouvong, leader of the pro-Communist Pathet Lao. They did not appear to reach any agreement about stopping the fighting between neutralists and Pathet Lao. The gravity of the Laotian situation was underlined last week by Mr. Harriman's mission to Moscow and the news of large-scale American participation in this month's SEATO exercises in Thailand

DR. ADENAUER

The photographs of the West German Chancellor and his Economics Minister, Professor Erhard, were taken as they left the meeting last week in Bonn of the Bundestag members of the Christian Democratic Party. The members, by secret ballot, chose Professor Erhard to succeed Dr. Adenauer as Chancellor. He obtained 159 out of 225 votes, with 19 abstentions

PROFESSOR ERHARD

Far right : Acting President of Israel and Speaker of Parliament, Mr. Kadish Luz, lights a candle at the coffin of Itzhak Ben-Zvi, President of Israel, who died last week in Jerusalem aged 78. Behind him are (from left to right) Amrau Ben-Zvi, son of the President; Mrs. Ben-Zvi; Mrs. Luz and Colonel J. Canuel, the President's A.D.C. Apart from a military parade in Haifa, Independence Day celebrations for Israel's 15th Anniversary this week were cancelled

AT THE PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL'S COFFIN

THE TWO PRIME MINISTERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Captain Terence O'Neill, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, is greeted at Admiralty House in Whitehall by Mr. Macmillan. The 40-minute meeting between the two Prime Ministers was afterwards described by Captain O'Neill as mainly a courtesy call, but the economic situation in Northern Ireland had been discussed, and he had asked for the most sympathetic treatment to be given to development there. Captain O'Neill succeeded Lord Brookeborough on his retirement last month

A GIFT FROM A PRINCESS

Far right: Princess Hope Mangyal, who recently married the Crown Prince of Sikkim, presents a scarf to President Radakrishnan of India in New Delhi. She and her husband were flying to Britain. Before her marriage the Princess was Miss Hope Cook, of New York

CHEERFULNESS IN MANILA

From left are Inche Ghazali bin Shafie, Permanent Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Malaya; Dr. S. P. Lopez, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Philippines, and Dr. Kusumowidagdo, First Deputy Foreign Minister, Indonesia. They are in happy mood in Manila after agreeing to recommend a Foreign Ministers conference between their three countries to discuss the proposed Malaysia federation

RAIL CRISIS TALKS IN LONDON

Far right: Mr. George Woodcock, General Secretary of the TUC, and Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union, arrive at the Ministry of Transport for talks with Mr. Marples. The Minister made it clear to the TUC's nationalised industries' committee that the Government was agreed on the need to reshape the railways on the lines proposed by Dr. Beeching, and rejected TUC demands on closures and redundancies. Early last week the executive of the National Union of Railwaymen decided on a three-day strike from midnight on May 14, in protest at the closure plans

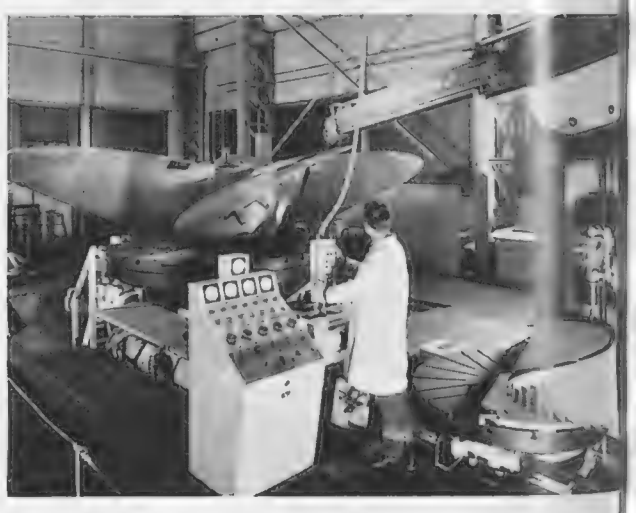
ELECTIONEERING IN KENYA

Members of Mr. Jomo Kenyatta's KANU party with jubilant electioneering posters gather in front of the school where Mr. Tom Mboya, General Secretary of the party, was handing in his nomination papers. He is standing for an African and Indian constituency in Nairobi. Balloting in the general election begins on May 18. The Kanu party is expected to win, as its nearest rival, Mr. Ronald Ngala's Kadu party, have insufficient candidates to win a majority in the House of Representatives. The Somalis in the North Eastern Region have altogether boycotted the election. When nominations closed, none had been received in the Region for the three Senate seats, the five Lower House seats or the 18 Regional Assembly seats

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A NEW TANKER LAUNCHED FROM SCOTLAND HAS MANY ADVANCED FEATURES

The 67,500 - ton - deadweight tanker *British Mariner* slides down the slipway at John Brown's shipyard on Clydebank. Being built for the BP Tanker Co. Ltd., she is the largest tanker so far launched on Clydebank. She has a number of advanced features—she is the first steam-turbined vessel built in Britain to have an extensive control and instrumentation system arranged completely in a single machine control room, and the first standard component assembly of the new Pamedtrada range of marine steam turbine machinery is being installed. The 815-ft. long, all-aft tanker is almost as long as the Queen liners. Speaking at the launching ceremony, Lord Aberconway, John Brown's Chairman, spoke of the strenuous efforts the company was making against "suicidal" competition in order to find new orders. Now the *British Mariner* has been launched, the company's West Yard is idle



THE LARGEST-EVER INTERNATIONAL ENGINEERING EXHIBITION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Ralph Perring, operates a mechanical hand to pick up a glass at the International Engineering Exhibition in London. **Right:** The 29-ton Heliston propeller, which is on view at the show, is seen here being milled at the works of its makers. It is the largest ship's propeller ever to have been exhibited in the U.K. The entire exhibition, open at Olympia and Earl's Court until May 2, was the largest engineering display ever put on in the U.K. Nearly 900 firms were represented, some 200 of the exhibitors coming from overseas

COACH RALLY IN BRIGHTON

MANSION HOUSE SILVER ON DISPLAY

The Bedford-Duple 37-seater, the overall winner in the Ninth British Coach Rally at Brighton in Sussex. It was driven by T. Hughes, and has recently been put into service by Hastings Coachways Ltd. Over 50 of Britain's smartest coaches entered for the rally, and there was one entrant from Italy

Far right: Some delegates at the International Congress of Museums of Arms and Military History inspecting plate at the Mansion House where they were attending a dinner given by the Corporation of London. The Congress was to move from London to Glasgow this week and then go on to Edinburgh

JOHN CONNELL

S.E. ASIAN COMMITMENT

The other day I discovered for the first time—it was a lamentable and inexplicable gap in my education—Joseph Conrad's magnificent long novel, *Nostromo*. Its sombre and complex narrative is set in an imaginary South American state, towards the end of the nineteenth century, at a time when liberation from colonialist rule was still a vivid memory to living men. Much of the tale, and many of the general and philosophical comments which Conrad frequently offers, are startlingly relevant to contemporary happenings in Africa and South-East Asia: the sudden emergence from a mixture of placidity and barbarism; the fierceness of the struggle to develop an " under-developed " nation; the corruption, the conflicts, the exploitation, the embitterment of idealists, the cruelty and the folly. A novel of this majestic quality is, for me, a far more penetrating and far more constructive commentary on today's events and trends than columns and columns of newspapers and hours of television documentary. I found myself turning with immense and immediate relief from James Mossman to Josef Korzeniowski, whose sole personal acquaintance with South America, I ought to add, was a period of a week or thereby which he spent at a port in Venezuela when he was a very young seaman.

Oddly enough Conrad knew—knew in every muscle of his body and every fibre of his mind—South-East Asia; and it is a small, astringent stroke of irony (which, I suspect, he would have enjoyed) which makes his story of an imagined land in South America so startlingly appropriate to real countries and real people of whom his experience was so deep.

South-East Asia is in the same mess as Latin America 70 years ago; but South-East Asia's tribulations are complicated by the harsh conflict of two ideologies between which there appears no hope of compromise, but only a restlessly vigilant, mutually hostile co-existence.

Last week, while Britain was preparing to enjoy, to the top of the popular bent, Princess Alexandra's wedding, and (on the political plane) looking forward gleefully to a splendid, if not at all edifying rumpus about security, trouble—big trouble—blew up in and over Laos; and on the eve of St. George's Day, the U.S. Seventh Fleet, now permanently deployed in or near S.E. Asian waters, made ' certain precautionary moves '—as Washington's announcement put it.

Mr. Averell Harriman (left), U.S. Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs, meets Lord Home in London for talks on the Laos situation

The Laotian situation (two words, I might remark, not lightly or easily to be uttered in an after-dinner speech, and calculated to trip up even an experienced announcer or newscaster) is quite inextricably complex. It is, compared with the Middle East or Cuba, an advanced, large-scale and expensive jigsaw puzzle alongside a child's nursery toy. Aims and purposes are confused and conflicting. The names of those involved are either baffling or sound like the silliest of prep-school jokes. The number of people in Britain who have protracted and first-hand knowledge either of the fighting or of the issues at stake, is very limited; and they are all apt to be disillusioned, sardonic and uncommunicative. The place is, even in modern terms, difficult of access, the climate is abominable, conditions are unspeakable. And yet. . . .

And yet, *The New York Times*, in a sober and considered editorial (when, I wonder, was a *New York Times* leader *not* considered?) headed, however, rather challengingly, " In Defense of Freedom," could say that, with Cuba, Laos now is the most immediate and the most testing trouble-spot for American foreign policy and practice; because it, like Cuba, is one of " the latest Communist targets on the Red road to world domination." For that reason, *The New York Times* asserted, " the United States and its allies are and must remain committed to preserve the freedom and independence of Laos." And yet. . . .

And yet, it is depressingly obvious that the freedom and independence of Laos have little or no meaning, as we in the West understand those words, and that whatever minute quantities of either exist in this much-troubled little country—*The New York Times* editorial notwithstanding —are being steadily and blatantly whittled away.

The Americans have a severely practical motive in trying—very expensively and so far very unsuccessfully—to halt this process of Communist infiltration. It is because, in their view, Laos and Cuba could become " the jaws of a gigantic Communist pincers to crush the free world, not at its strong centers, but at its vulnerable flanks in Latin America and South-East Asia."

If this thesis, the phraseology of which is not mine but that of *The New York Times*, is accepted, then it is evident that the rest of us in the Western Alliance have a very real interest in all efforts to prevent Laos from slithering completely under Communist domination. Should these efforts stop short of war—a war which, only too easily, since it would be bound to embroil the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., could escalate into nuclear war? The Cuban crisis last autumn revealed how nakedly dependent the rest of us are—despite all our big talk and all our big expenditure on the " independent " deterrent—on decisions of the two great Powers.

In the Cuban crisis, which was manufactured with cunning and ruthless speed by the Soviet Union, there could be no (and there were no) intermediaries. Mr. Macmillan's patent emollient was as unwanted as, in a similar situation, Mr. Harold Wilson's different brand of tranquilliser would prove; and U Thant had to bring all his Oriental patience to bear on the unwelcome fact that, until after the crucial, watershed moment had come and gone, he had no influence at all on the situation.

Laos on the other hand is a classic example—on the pattern of Korea, of divided Germany and divided Berlin—of the permanent East-West confrontation, with a built-in mechanism of crisis, which can be, and is, activated at any moment at which one or other of the two great contestants desires. I find myself dropping into the hideous jargon of the modern politico-strategic situation; I apologise but I have a feeling that an older, more respectable and more literate vocabulary is somehow inadequate.

The Muse of History is in one of her more ironic moods. Britain, busily withdrawing in haste from her remaining commitments in the equally turbulent continent of Africa, is roped and chained to Laos, because under the terms of the original 14-nation Geneva agreement, the Soviet Union and the United Kingdom are co-chairmen of the International Control Commission. The commitment is as tangled, and some would say as embarrassing, as it is complete. Fortunately, on this occasion it seems that the chips are not going down, though without doubt, the jungle battle will continue; snipers will go on taking their toll, villages will go up in flames, and the widowed and fatherless will stumble moaning from the shambles of their homes in the paddy-fields and the bush.

That is the reality of the war that doesn't stop. Any detailed narrative of the negotiations behind and on either side of this grim and bloody front takes on a phantasmagoric quality, extraordinarily like the tale of prosy, pompous, over-consequential old Captain Mitchell in *Nostromo*. On April 21, for example, Lord Home and Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, were busy exchanging confidential personal messages, in the search for a formula for peace in Laos. Sir Humphrey Trevelyan, the British Ambassador in Moscow, was paying call after call at the Kremlin, and appeared to gain the impression that the Russians were as anxious as the British for a détente in Laos, mainly because they feared the extension of Chinese influence over world Communism. In Washington, President Kennedy, in the middle of a series of conferences with the U.S. National Security Council, let it be known that he pinned his hopes for peace on diplomatic moves, particularly by Britain. But he also ordered the precautionary move, into and up the Gulf of Thailand, of units of the Seventh Fleet.

In Laos itself, however, Prince Souvanna Phouma, the " neutralist " Prime Minister of his country's Coalition Government, in (so he said) the confident belief that he could persuade his pro-Communist half-brother, Prince Souphanouvong, to end the crisis, flew in an International Control Commission helicopter, and accompanied by the British and Russian envoys in his capital, Vientiane, to the pro-Communist headquarters in Khang Khay. He duly met his half-brother and General Singkapo, who commands the pro-Communist Pathet Lao forces; they told him that his own C.-in-C., General Kong Lae, was tenaciously resisting Pathet Lao's advance and counter-attacking. So, without peace and without his half-brother, Prince Souvanna Phouma flew back to Vientiane, having, however, agreed to send a signal to General Kong Lae, ordering him to cease fire. " All is not lost " he told correspondents at the airfield, " I am optimistic," and he turned to the British and Russian ambassadors saying " You are optimistic, too, aren't you? "

Such is the stuff of world politics today, differing in essence not at all from politics in Conrad's imagined Republic of Costa-guana. But, in *Nostromo* the effect of even the most tragic and searing events was limited.

The Regatta Hotel at Hanko, Finland

The Hotel St. Roch at Comblain-La-Tour, Belgium

The Dolphin and Anchor Hotel at Chichester

The Miramare Beach Hotel on the island of Rhodes

TRAVEL

MEMORABLE HOTELS

By **SILVIE NICKELS**

The reasons for liking one hotel more than another are often very small indeed. There is one rather famous hotel in these islands, for example, whose considerable taste is spoilt by vast bouquets of artificial flowers. Perhaps it was just a coincidence, but the main course put before me was not what it was set out to be on the menu either, though to give it its due it was excellently prepared. Neither criticism, however, could be levelled at a recent port of call in Northern Ireland: Londonderry's City Hotel, where the foyer was brilliant with a host of golden daffodils. In bright but brisk late March weather, too, the central heating was all that it should have been.

The surroundings of The Manor House Hotel, six miles from Enniskillen, are hardly seen at their best in March, but it needed little imagination to visualise them as a splendid holiday spot in summer. Built on the sloping shore of Lough Erne, this former stately home has a gloriously peaceful setting, which includes 660 acres of pheasant shoots. The local water-ski club use this hotel as their headquarters, too, so that the facilities for this sport are available, as well as swimming, boating, wildfowl shooting, fishing (coarse, salmon and trout), and spelaeology (on the other side of the lake).

One more special commendation in Northern Ireland is for a very small hotel (no private baths) in the fishing village of Kilkeel, 43 miles from Belfast at the foot of the Mourne mountains. Apart from uncomplicated but excellent food, the colour schemes in the bedrooms of the Kilmorey Arms show the kind of imagination from which many a larger hotel might learn a lesson, and the old nautical-style bar provides just the right atmosphere after the day's catch.

A quiet spot in north-west Wales is Aberdaron, far off towards the end of the Lleyn peninsula, beyond the point where the main road ends. This pretty village is steeply angled round a bay, with grand scenery and good sands, and the small but comfortable Ty Newydd Hotel (no private baths) stands right by the beach. It gave pleasure with its pleasant service too.

It's a far cry from Cardigan Bay to the beaches of the Balearics, but the Ty Newydd and Roca Bella hotels have two things in common; their beach-side situation and their quietness. The Roca Bella, indeed, must be one of the quietest places in the Mediterranean, for it is the only hotel on the whole island of Formentera, reached by cutter from Ibiza. For the more gregariously minded, there is the Ses Savines at San Antonio on the island of Ibiza itself. This attractive place has the advantage of standing in a pine grove in its own grounds, and is thus sheltered from some of the livelier elements of the resort's night life. The Cala Gració, by a lovely little cove about a mile out of town, has even greater seclusion.

Another favourite spot of mine is on Rhodes—surely among the loveliest islands of the Mediterranean—where the Miramare Beach, just outside the town of Rhodes, is magnificently placed on the shore looking out to the Turkish Hills. Accommodation is either in individual bungalows or pavilions, each room of which has its own entrance hall and terrace. The specially created gardens were planned by its famous Swiss hotelier owner, Jack Gauer.

Gardens are one of the admirable features of another Miramare hotel, this time at Hammamet, perhaps Tunisia's leading resort about 40 miles from Tunis. The owner of this hotel is a garden enthusiast, a fact reflected in no small way in the magnificent grounds. The accommodation, too, is charmingly arranged in a number of one-storey pavilions built in local style of whitewashed walls and wrought ironwork. Much nearer Tunis, in the blue-and-white village of Sidi-Bou-Said, one can enjoy almost private-home seclusion in the small hotel de Sidi-Bou-Said; it was indeed once a private residence and retains all the elegance of its pure Moorish style, with bedrooms leading from a tranquil central courtyard.

Another former private manor, now hotel, of rather different aspect is Le Petit Manoir at Morat in Switzerland. This picture-postcard little town which lies between the Jura and the pre-Alps is far less known to British visitors than it should be, for its old castle, ramparts and arcaded streets are set in most restful surroundings on the shores of Morat Lake. The style and furnishings of the hotel are most pleasing.

Local style graciousness is also a feature of Portugal's state-owned inns or *pousadas*, each one embodying traditional features of the areas they serve. In general, the *pousada* is small in size, its accommodation comfortably simple, but the *pousada* at Sagres, on the south-westernmost tip of Europe, is of spacious proportions. Also at Sagres, the Hotel da Baleeira, perched above the little fishing harbour, was being enlarged when I visited it last autumn and should by now provide a fine addition to first-class accommodation in the Algarve. I liked its attention to detail, down to the specially designed ashtrays. In Lisbon itself the recently built luxury-class Ritz has much to commend it, including its views across the city and neighbouring Eduardo VII park.

When an hotel bears the name "de la Poste" it's often a happy omen, and it was certainly so at Bouillon in the Belgian Ardennes last month. The little town, cradled in a loop of the lovely Semois river, is full of charm and history, and the hotel—not new, but with big rambling bedrooms and excellent food—looks right on to the river. Another Belgian riverside hotel—on the Ourthe this time, 20 miles from Liège—is the St. Roch at Comblain-La-Tour, also famous for the food personally prepared by its proprietor. Each bedroom has a different gay décor—chosen by Madame—and the private bathrooms are enormous for an hotel of this size.

For isolation in the little-known Telemark province of Norway, the Rauland Hotel provides all modern comforts against a backdrop of mountain remoteness. It lies six miles from the lakeside village of Rauland, which has a fine line in old storehouses—some several hundred years old—among the local farm buildings. For a seaside centre in Scandinavia, Hanko in southern Finland has much in its favour, not least its popularity among the Finns (who know about these things) as a sailing and bathing centre. The Regatta Hotel here is one of Finland's newest, and the first to provide television in every room.

Finally, back to Britain for that reliable and venerable body of hotels, the Trust Houses. It would be unusual to fare badly at any, and they have provided me personally with some memorable meals; not least at the Swan in Lavenham, Suffolk, and the Dolphin and Anchor at Chichester.

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

The sailing dinghy *Treacle Tart* in the Easter Egg Trophy Race at Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex

Above, left and right: In the 1962 International *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race competitors round a marker buoy, leaving their wakes behind them in long white arcs across the water of the Solent. **Below:** The start of the 1962 race. This year the race is re-routed to include a testing downwind leg between the Needles and St. Catherine's Point. This gives a better view to spectators along the coast

The organisers of the 1963 International *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race, to be held on September 7, tell me that the scale of preparations by would-be competitors far exceeds that of last year's at the same stage. More boats are being built specially to meet the rules of the race, than re-engining or otherwise adapting existing boats. The success and reputation of the first two races, as well as the increased prize money, the total of which is now doubled to £5,000, are making this race an attractive and important world event. The conditions for entry and the course are being changed for this year's race, making the contest harder and stiffer. Regulations regarding the requirements of "habitability" of the vessels have been made much stricter. The course, while the total distance remains about the same, has been made harder too. The start will be from Cowes to the westwards, through the Needles, round the Isle of Wight, through the Needles a second time, and, cutting out Weymouth, the course then goes straight to the Skerries and Torquay.

The circuit round the island will provide an extremely testing downwind leg between the Needles and St. Catherine's Point—this was lacking in the previous races—it will give a better view to spectators all along the island's holiday coasts, and, considering that most failures occur usually during the first part of the race, a better chance of shepherding casualties towards the safety of the shore. From the Needles to the Skerries competitors will have an unbroken windward thrash of over 60 miles to boot.

A welcome result of the promotion of this form of motorboat racing by the *Daily Express* is the growing number of other fixtures provided by various clubs for the same type of craft. The Sussex Motor Yacht Club are holding a race from Newhaven to Littlehampton and back—about 60 miles—on June 6, the Royal Southern YC a race for powerboats of about the same distance on July 6, the Royal Motor YC a 40-mile race on August 24, and, of course, the Brixham YC, like last year, will have a sprint race the day after the great offshore event.

Tramontana, the spectacular winner last year, has been bought by "Johnny" Agnelli, who raced *Ultima Dea* in 1962, and in fact has been delivered to Italy by Peter Du Cane recently. She would not be admissible in this year's race, for the rule has been changed regarding the total cubic capacity of engines. The maximum permitted now is 16 litres, whereas her total is 140! Her former owner, Dick Wilkins, however, is still going to defend his trophy. He is having a new boat built, again by Vospers, to comply with the new rules.

It is expected that the number of entries will be bigger this year, as can be judged by the interest shown and preparations known to be in progress. (Last year there were 42 starters out of 48 entries.) Known to be among the starters are the three boats which have made the largest British entry up to date in the Miami-Nassau Race, held on A ril 24. Tommy Sopwith raced a 38-ft. Bertram boat with 900 h.p. diesel power, Dennis Miller (who is also part owner of the new, recently launched ocean racer *Clarion*) had a 31-ft. Bertram boat entered, and Charles de Selincourt yet another Bertram vessel called *Paper Tiger*. It is also known that "Johnny" Agnelli, as well as his compatriot Renato Levi (who drove *Las Speranziella* last time), are going to be once more in the race on September 7.

BOOKS

THE LITERARY WORLD

From a publisher's reminiscences to Daphne du Maurier on her forbears: and this week's collection of novels

Mr. Ralph Arnold wrote a novel and sent it in to a famous publishing house. The chairman asked him to tea and, over the teacakes (" he crackled with vitality "), told Mr. Arnold that he was just back from the south of France where he had been staying with a famous author who was in the habit of burning the first draft of any of his works; burning the second one and submitting the third to the aforesaid chairman. This seems to have decided Mr. Arnold to become a publisher and, having survived an interview with the formidable Otto Kyllmann, he joined Constable's. Since then he has written 16 books and has himself been in the direction of the famous firm of Constable. From all of which it will be apparent, to the careful reader, that anyone who seeks to be a publisher needs his head examined, while writers have a pretty rough time of it as well. Nevertheless the same careful reader may also recollect that some writers, particularly those who live in the south of France, manage to enjoy life while some publishers attain a great eminence in public life and some, even, a comfortable affluence. ORANGE STREET AND BRICK-HOLE LANE (Hart-Davis. 25s.) is really a book for those in the literary know. It should be compulsory reading for all bright young university graduates who want to break into the off-beat literary world.

The chief literary gift possessed by Miss Daphne du Maurier has always seemed to me to be her ability to tell a story; generally a good story with dramatic content and plenty of variety but in any case and invariably told with spirit, verve and an inborn capacity for leading her readers on from page to page whatever the matter under discussion. She has written at least a dozen novels and some enchanting biographies of members of her own family; one of them, *Gerald*, an unforgettable study of her famous father. Now she has applied her talent to telling the story of some more remote forbears, the Bussons, and has chosen to give the saga the form of a novel. Speaking as an addict of unadorned, and preferably unromanticised, biographies, I could wish that Miss du Maurier's new book were in this tradition, but I suppose that she—and her publisher—know their business best and that this particular material is best adapted to the freer, less binding method of narration. Certainly, THE GLASS-BLOWERS (Gollancz. 21s.) is the most readable of tales, as one would have expected, and takes one into a strange but meticulously described world of French provincial craftsmen, before and during the revolutionary years at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. The author's grandfather, George du Maurier, writer, artist and humorist, and a letter found among his private papers provide the connection with the succession of hereditary glass-blowers.

MRS. GALBRAITH'S AIR (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) is a first novel by Mlle. M. Villa-Gilbert, a young author who, exceptionally, shows few of the marks of *naiveté* on the one hand or self-consciousness of style on

BACKSTAGE AT COVENT GARDEN: In the scenic studio, Heather Homewood uses foam rubber gauze and plastic paint to make elaborate mouldings on a flat. **Right:** Peter Courtier, the chief scenic artist, compares the designer's drawing and the finished set. The staff in the studio were working on sets for last week's revival of Walton's opera *Troilus and Cressida*, and for the new production of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, to have a Gala Première on May 29

On November 15, 1838, five men met and drew up a document agreeing to form a cricket club to be called the Melbourne Cricket Club, subscription one guinea. In the years that followed the club's ground grew to become one of the most famous sporting arenas in the world, and the initials M.C.C. to have as much meaning for Australians as the same initials for Englishmen. Keith Dunstan's THE PADDOCK THAT GREW: *The Story of the Melbourne Cricket Club* (Cassell. 42s.) is a racy account of the growth of personality over the years of a stretch of turf surrounded, as time went by, by more and more seats, until it became at the height of famous Tests an arena of eyes staring intently at the actions of a few white-clad men. At the M.C.C. was played the first Test Match in Australia; and the extraordinary game when Victoria reached the mammoth world record score of 1,107 against New South Wales.

Part of the charm of this book is that it gives an account of Australia growing up, of the growth of a national character. And perhaps cricket is as good a medium as any to chart the growth of that character. For Keith Dunstan's account contains much else besides epic accounts of great games. It is full of odd sidelights. For instance, in early Melbourne until 1843 there was no public clock and nobody really knew what the time was—there were two or three watchmakers, but they constantly disagreed.

Another picture of the growth of a city is contained in ELIZABETHAN WINCHESTER (Faber. 30s.), by Tom Atkinson, the city archivist. It is based on the Charters, Books of Ordinances, Account Rolls, Pipe Rolls, Subsidy Rolls and other documents, and gives a clear picture of the structure of power of a self-governing community, and of the lives of the inhabitants in business, the home and in the court. Some of the details are of a vanished world, others strike a familiar note. It is recorded that when the town of Tiverton suffered a disastrous fire in 1598, it was decided that a collection should be made from the " better " inhabitants of Winchester to relieve Tiverton's distress. This raised 26s. 8d., to which was added 13s. 4d. from the city coffers, to make up the considerable sum of two pounds.

CRICKETING ARENA

The story of Melbourne Cricket Ground

The next two books treat of the tragedy of warfare—the physical harm suffered by those who have to fight—and the extraordinary depths of resilience of human nature in coping with physical handicaps. THE GUINEA PIG CLUB (Macmillan. 21s.) is the story told by Edward Bishop of the unique organisation of grievously burnt and disfigured airmen who passed through the Queen Victoria Cottage Hospital at East Grinstead and the hands of Sir Archibald McIndoe. It began as a " grogging club " in 1941, and soon became something much more, with the result that the club's social and welfare activities today reach out to members scattered all over the world. A companion volume is ON WINGS OF HEALING: *The Story of the Airborne Medical Services 1940-1960* (Blackwood and Sons. 30s.), by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard Cole. This is a careful piece of military history which pays tribute to the work of the Parachute and Glider borne Field Ambulances of the R.A.M.C., of the doctors, surgeons, orderlies and stretcher bearers who went into action alongside the troops.

The post-war work of Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., forms the basis of NEW LIVES FOR OLD: *The Story of the Cheshire Homes* (Gollancz. 25s.), by Wilfrid Russell, himself a member of the Administrative Trust of the Foundation. In 1948, Cheshire's Christian Socialist movement came to an end and he was left with an old man, dying of cancer, whom he volunteered to care for. The example of this man made Cheshire decide to devote his life to the incurably sick, the old and mentally distressed. Out of his faith has grown a movement which has spread over much of Africa, the Near East, India and South East Asia.

In complete contrast are the last two books. IN SEARCH OF GREATNESS (Cassell. 30s.) is the autobiography of the best-known photographer in the world, Yousuf Karsh. It is illustrated with a full selection of his photographs. In a chatty, modestly written account, Karsh tells of his rise from a poor Armenian immigrant to the ranks of the great portrait photographers.

Finally, THE SHOOTING TIMES ANTHOLOGY (Percival Marshall. 15s.) is a collection of various pieces from this magazine, ranging in prose and poetry over all field sports.

Jolyon Wimhurst

the other. Indeed, she has achieved a balanced, controlled and most expressive style of her own already and the proof of its effectiveness is that, with a difficult theme, she has succeeded in producing a novel which deserves the epithet of masterly. A boy of almost 15 becomes fascinated and then enamoured of one of his mother's guests, who is a married woman some 25 years older. Her tenderness to him and the fact of her feminity are revelations to him and there is something idyllic about their short romance until the evening when it is irreparably, almost brutally ruined. An odd, touching novel with a promise of fine work in the future.

A PENNY FOR THE GUY (Gollancz. 21s.), by Miss Teo Savory, brings further proof for those who were not wholly convinced by her earlier novel, *The Single Secret*, that this is an author of great originality and, with that, a tenderness of expression which is far from being commonplace in our day and age. The hero of her story is a man who is held to have lost most of his wits when wounded and buried in an air raid. His mother, a fantastic but credible figure, has been a music-hall singer and his own less exalted connection with the theatre is through his work as a stage carpenter. This is the story of his survival of physical accidents, unhappy love affairs and a near abandonment to insanity. Through it all, Tom " made mad by loving," like Tom of Bedlam, is a gentle soul, and gentleness is the keynote of this paradoxically dramatic story.

Mr. B. S. Johnson's first novel, TRAVELLING PEOPLE (Constable. 21s.), introduces an author of positively effervescent invention, who has started on his literary career with an odd but engaging kind of novel which moves dizzily from the richly comic to the tender, and from the bawdy to the sensitive. His principal character, Henry, is quite a considerable invention in his own right: an unpredictable man who gets on a good deal better, in his own estimation, with things than with people, is sorry for Euston Station, and tells his own story in a chaotic mixture of styles, which even involve pages coloured in stippled grey or inky black. Experimental to the point, I should have said, of self-indulgence, but at least the book can't be said to have a breath of banality about it.

My only real objection to Mr. Niven Busch's novel, THE SAN FRANCISCANS (Jonathan Cape. 18s.), is that it takes so little notice of the physical qualities which make San Francisco one of the most enchanting cities in the world. In other respects Mr. Busch has written a very readable book indeed, and has contrived to make his account of banking duels between rival tycoons as exciting as descriptions of a classic race.

Mr. Jonreed Lauritzen's weighty tome, THE EVERLASTING FIRE (Heinemann. 30s.), is a novel about Brigham Young and the great Mormon trek from Illinois to Utah; a subject big enough in historical fact and implication to justify the soberness and even the occasional portentousness of the author's manner of writing. Mr. Lauritzen concentrates on the epic journey across America, when fifteen thousand men, women and children started out by crossing the frozen Mississippi, and a fraction of that number survived the ordeal to reach the west.

One feels that it had to come: a novel about the Nobel Prize and the spectacular way in which it briefly links the handful of people to whom it is awarded in one year. Now Mr. Irving Wallace has written it, called it, logically enough, THE PRIZE (Cassell. 30s.) and presented us with a great big, glossy piece of fiction which will keep diligent readers out of mischief for days.

Vernon Fane

Atticus Finch (Gregory Peck), an idealistic lawyer in Alabama during the 30s, tries to explain the Depression to his daughter Scout (Mary Badham). It was for this role that Gregory Peck won this year's Oscar for Best Actor

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

Royal Charity Première at the Odeon, Leicester Square, May 9

Swinging on the porch—the children, Jem (Phillip Alford), his sister Scout, and their new friend Dill (John Megna)

Directed by Robert Mulligan, *To Kill a Mockingbird* is based on the novel, set in the Deep South, which won a Pulitzer Prize for Harper Lee. It is one of those rare films which manages with unsentimental fidelity to see the world through a child's eyes —in this case through the eyes of Scout, the young daughter of Atticus Finch, a lonely small-town lawyer whose wife has recently died. Against a pattern of childhood games and their attendant fears and joys is set a double story line concerned with deep-seated adult prejudices—against a simple-minded neighbour and against a negro accused of attacking a poor white girl. Atticus Finch undertakes the forlorn defence of the negro. The film's appeal lies in the unselfconscious playing by the child actors and in the restrained, skilled performance by Gregory Peck.

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Geoffrey Rootes

The Hon. Geoffrey Rootes, the eldest son of Lord Rootes, is, at the age of 45, the Managing Director of Rootes Motors Ltd. He has played a leading role in the establishment of the new £23,000,000 Linwood factories in Scotland and in the development of the new small Hillman, which these factories will produce at the rate of 150,000 units a year. In the group, Mr. Rootes holds the following posts: Chairman and Joint Managing Director of Humber Ltd., Hillman Motor Car Co. Ltd., and Sunbeam Talbot Ltd.; Chairman of Singer Motors Ltd., Rootes (Scotland) Ltd., Commer Cars Ltd., Karrier Motors Ltd., Tilling-Stevens Ltd., British Light Steel Pressings Ltd., and Thrupp and Maberly Ltd. Born in 1917, William Geoffrey Rootes was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, where he read Modern Languages. In 1937 he started at the Humber works at Coventry as a trainee. The war interrupted his apprenticeship and took him, in the RASC, to Dunkirk, the Western Desert and Italy. He was demobilised in 1946, having reached the rank of acting Major. On his return to Coventry he joined in the task of re-equipping and reorganising the Group's factories. In 1950 he succeeded his uncle, Sir Reginald Rootes, as Managing Director of the Manufacturing Division and last year was appointed Managing Director of Rootes Motors Ltd., the parent company of the Group, of which Lord Rootes and Sir Reginald Rootes are Chairman and Deputy Chairman respectively. On average he spends at least three days a week travelling between the various factories, particularly Linwood, and his offices in London and Coventry. Frequently he uses these journeys to test prototypes of new models. He also travels abroad extensively to the Group's overseas markets. He is a past President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and a Member of the Management Board of the Engineering Employers' Federation. Married, with a son and daughter, he lives at Ladbroke Hall in Warwickshire. His recreations are shooting, tennis and ski-ing

MAKING LIGHT OF LUGGAGE

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

When I was in the United States two years ago I was told that the growth of mass air travel there had had rather an unexpected side effect in re-stimulating a dormant little trade—luggage repairing. Americans like things new, not long-lasting, and this certainly applies to luggage, so I was surprised. But no, I was told it was not that individuals were spending more on having their bags repaired. It was the fact that airlines in America, faced with an increasing toll of complaints about burst or crushed luggage from their baggage handling, were generating a new lease of life for the repair shops by picking up the bill for having a large variety and volume of their customers' cases put right. It may be added that this casualty roll was incurred in the process of making baggage handling more "efficient"—or, at any rate, more mechanised. At Idlewild in 1961, for example, you picked up your baggage at an inclined counter to the back of which it was delivered on vehicles that looked like a cross between a fork lift truck and a bulldozer. In theory, these returned from the plane and advanced to the counter, and pushed the luggage from the truck mechanically onto the incline, down which it slid for the passenger to pick it up and take it through Customs.

In fact, when I was waiting there, the vehicle duly went through all those motions. Unfortunately, the level at which it presented the baggage seemed a little lower than the counter, or the truck didn't come close enough. At all events, some of the luggage was not pushed smoothly onto the counter, but was caught between its edge and the mechanical ram that pushed the baggage forward, with effects in some cases rather like what happens to grass in between a lawnmower blade and the frame. (My own bag, I am glad to say, came next time without mishap. At Heath Row, coming back, though, they managed to rip the corner off.)

Mass air travel, I think we might fairly say, thus promotes not only an expanding demand for new ownership of luggage, but also a more rapid replacement demand for it than rail or even sea travel ever did. The proportion of people taking holidays away from home is still far from a hundred per cent. There may be an irreducible minimum of people who would always rather stay at home. But, as standards of living rise, one can expect the total number of people who travel for pleasure (and business) to go on rising for some time at least. Moreover, people are going farther and spending more on their holidays. Over time, that means taking more elaborate, though not heavier luggage. The airlines' 66 lb. and 44 lb. weight limits may from now on tend effectively to limit the size and number of suitcases that we all buy—even while the wear and tear air travel imposes on them make us buy them more often and more elaborately designed to stand up to rough handling.

To be both light and tough, these two partly contradictory requirements, born of a shortage of porters and the aeroplane, have transformed

The amount of luggage you can get into a Ford Cortina Estate car

British luggage since before the war. In pre-war days, up to 40 per cent. of the luggage sold in Britain was made of leather, and most of the rest tried to look as if it was. Today, not more than 5 to 10 per cent. is made of leather alone, though plenty of the other bags produced use some of it. Weight is one of the problems here, though luggage makers would argue that the difference tends to be exaggerated. There is not as much to choose as most travellers imagine between the weight of a light, leather suitcase and most kinds of rigid, moulded plastic or fibre cases. The other difference between leather and cases made of almost anything else is price: and that difference, I am afraid, cannot be denied.

But another factor operating against leather, until recently, seemed to operate against the moulded plastic cases that have been introduced, too. Passengers feel that less damage is likely to be done to a soft-skinned bag, and that it is much lighter. We have not yet reached quite the state of the Americans, many of whom will take along with them what is little more than a zipped-up envelope of heavy plastic containing suits and dresses on hangers, rather than carry actual suitcases. But the varying types of foldable wardrobe case do seem to be becoming more popular.

British luggage design, I have heard some craftsmen complain, was about the best in the world until the industrial designers got at it. That is not fair. They are largely comparing different traditions: the attrac-

(*Continued on page 200*)

One of the final stages in luggage manufacture, fixing the interior linings at the Kelvin works, Chiswick, of W. Wood and Son Ltd.

Early stage in shaping a " Royalite " case shell

A router trims superfluous material from the upper edge

MAKING LIGHT OF LUGGAGE

(*Continued from page 199*)

tion of well-made, classic coach hide baggage with a much lighter, cheaper and shorter-lived style of luggage that has to achieve its effect by colour, pattern or elaborated shapes. Certainly the biggest suppliers in the business, such as Revelation, have achieved impressive designs, from the purely traditional to the elaborately matched modern styles, with many materials, including glass-fibre reinforced plastic fabrics. Sales of luggage in Britain today must amount to perhaps £15,000,000 a year; by far the largest proportion is sold through department stores. Some of the more expensive bags are sold through specialist shops, particularly leather goods shops doing a large business in handbags; but these probably account for little more than 10 per cent. of the trade. Certainly leather shops are making a great effort to compete with light-weight hides and with a wide range of new designs; but how large a share of the market leather suitcases can ever retain is debatable.

A very wide range of articles, from swimsuits to washbags, are very often sold specifically when the buyer is going away on holiday; but among other " travel goods " proper, one might single out camping equipment on the one hand and caravans on the other. In Britain, it is believed that about 200,000 people live in caravans, and these vehicles are by no means wholly associated with travel or holidays; but a fairly high proportion of these houses on wheels are used for taking family holidays, rather as a small cruising boat may be. A high proportion of the tents sold in Britain to camping enthusiasts, and much of the equipment that goes with them, comes from France. The explanation is rather an odd one. France is only now, perhaps, catching up with our standards of average income. But for several years it has given everybody much longer holidays.

Shortly after the war the French working man gained the right to three weeks' holiday; during the last few months this has been extended, with more and more industries conceding the principle of four weeks' holiday. But the longer one's holiday gets, the less chance one has of spending money at an entirely different rate from one's normal. French men, whose wages shortly after the war were well below Britain's in purchasing power, wanted to take their long holidays but had to find a cheap way of doing so. Hence the great popularity of camping holidays—which on the Continent generally are rather better catered for than here. As a result, French makers have a much wider range of tents and camping accessories than we do in Britain, though there are one or two sizeable companies here such as Buck and Sons, makers of Bukta equipment.

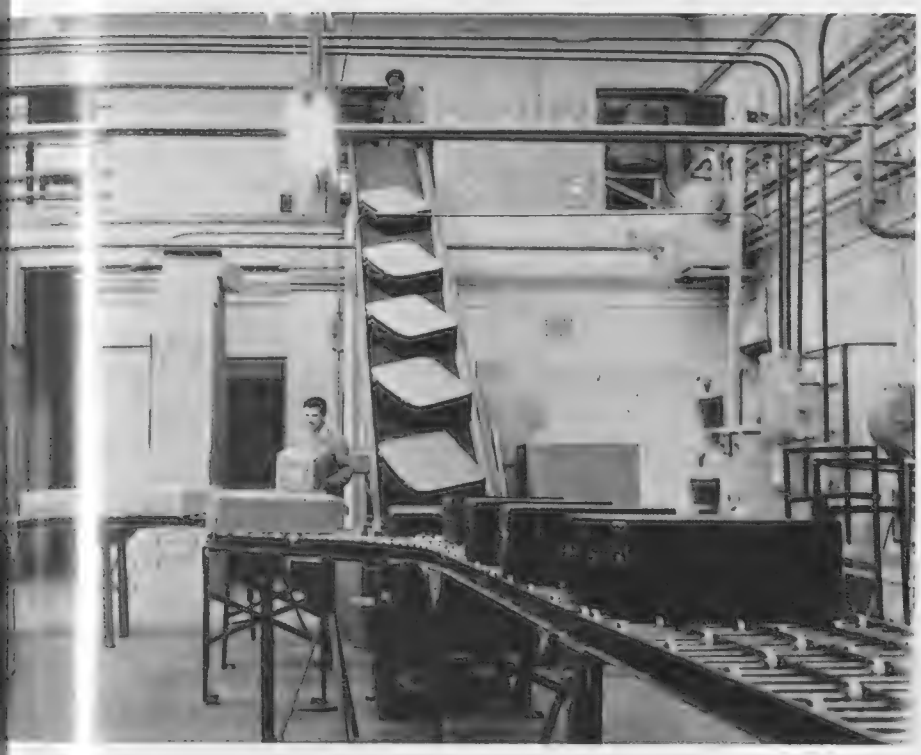
About 40,000 caravans a year have been sold in Britain of late, but the trade is somewhat hampered by the poor welcome these self-sufficient forms of holiday accommodation get in many seaside resorts and beauty spots. A caravan site is not the most sightly of additions to a fine view. Even so, towns depending on the tourist may be unwise in disdaining visitors whose main contribution to the holiday resort will simply be in household and ancillary spending. British seaside resorts in the West Country, in particular, will soon be unable to be too choosy about their visitors, whether they come on scooters or in caravans. There will be precious few arriving by train.

At Barrow Hepburn and Gale Ltd., the latest Hytronic power cutter

Left: A worker stitches a leather travel-robe on a Pilot machine

Right: Experienced hands cut leather to the required shape

A laminated wood frame is fitted and **right:** locks and handles fixed



Finished luggage is conveyed to the warehouse

"Python" suitcases are lined at Barrow Hepburn and Gale Ltd.

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

OIL GOES UP

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Amid the recent spate of encouraging company news, two of the most significant annual results were those of Shell Transport and Trading (the British partner in the Royal Dutch/Shell Group) and of British Petroleum, the fully integrated international oil company in which the British Government holds 55 per cent. of the shares. The results showed sharp increases not only in sales, but—more important for shareholders—in profits, and they were accompanied by higher dividends. It looks as though oil shares, which have been under something of a stock market cloud since the late 1950s, will justify their recent re-emergence into fashion. The bull factor—and one that is often overlooked in assessing the oil sector of the Stock Market—is that demand for the oil companies' products is rising at no less than 7 per cent. per annum compound, and is expected to do so for the rest of the decade. This is a rate of growth of sales volume that many of the traditional growth stocks (such as Marks and Spencer) might envy. Last year, in fact, partly due to exceptional demand for fuel oil (due to bitter weather in Europe), sales volume was even above expectations. The Royal Dutch/Shell Group, for instance, reported that it sold 12 per cent. more crude oil and oil products in 1962 than in 1961.

It is true that the world surplus of oil, that has so plagued the fortunes of the oil companies for the last five years, continued to exert downward pressure on oil prices. Inevitably, too, the oil-bearing nations demanded a further share of revenue in taxes. The net result was that sales rose in value terms less rapidly than in volume. In the case of Shell the increase was 7 per cent. However, the really striking feature of the oil industry's reports for 1962 is the effect of the assault on Parkinson's Law. It is well known that most big industrial organisations grew fat in staff and expenses during the early 1950s. Most of them for the past two years have been vigorously tackling the problem. Shell has been especially thorough in its self-appraisal and is believed to have reduced its administrative head office staff by 20 per cent. One consequence is seen in the group's selling and administrative expenses for 1962, which rose little more than 1 per cent.

But another striking feature of the oil industry's results is the impact of lower capital expenditure on oil exploration and production. In 1956 the Shell group spent £138,000,000 on oil rights and production; last year the figure was £96,000,000. Of course oil surplus also means that pressure to sell products intensifies. The Shell group's capital expenditure on marketing has almost doubled since 1956, but nevertheless total level of capital expenditure is still below the figure seven years ago.

The net effect of these various factors on the oil industry has been that for the first time since 1957 the return on capital employed has improved. The implication for investors is that the corner has definitely been turned and that oil shares which for so long have been regarded as an exploded growth stock now deserve to be assessed as slow but steady climbers. Of the two most obvious shares for U.K. investors, Shell Transport and Trading is usually considered to have the edge on British Petroleum because of its wider geographical spread of operations. BP's heavy dependence for its supplies on the politically volatile states of the Middle East is often held against it. On the other hand BP has not Shell's stake in the United States, where oil sales have been rising markedly less fast than the world average. Both companies have a stake (Shell directly, BP mainly through associated companies) in the fast-expanding field of petro-chemicals, though chemicals still account for only about 10 per cent. of the oil industry's total sales.

On balance it seems that there is little to choose between these two giants although because of their negligible U.K. rate of tax, neither is a suitable income investment for low taxpayers. Shell Transport shares at about 44s. (they have come up from 27s. last year) offer a yield of around 5½ per cent.; BP give ¾ of a point more income at their price of about 54s. (against 30s. last year). Both dividends are covered a comfortable 2¼-2½ times, which is an encouraging pointer to future dividend policy. The American oil companies (who underwent their re-appraisal three years ago) now allow themselves dividend cover of less than twice.

The higher dividends paid by Shell and BP will obviously help a third oil company: Burmah Oil, the bulk of whose income until recently came from its shareholdings in the two giants. Last year, however, to spread its trading interests (mainly in Burma and India) the group bid for Lobitos Oil, with interests in Peru and a refinery in Britain. Investors should probably wait to see how the company settles down in its new form, before committing themselves.

Among the outsiders, for those who like shares with more of a speculative flavour, the Ultramar company (with interests in Venezuela, Panama, the Pacific Coast of America and Canada) has recently been making bold strides towards greater integration. Although no dividend was paid last year, results to be announced next October are expected to show a striking improvement. If so, the ordinary shares, now 24s., could appreciate sharply, while investors in the 7 per cent. Convertible Loan Stock (now priced at about £93 and yielding 7½ per cent.) have current income and a chance of sharing the recovery.

MOTORING

CARS FROM SCOTLAND

This week's opening of the Rootes Group's factory at Linwood

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

I am not able this week to write in detail about the Rootes Group's new rear-engined Hillman Imp baby car. The splendid Scottish factory in which it is being built was opened this week by the Duke of Edinburgh. It has been under construction since May 1961 on a site measuring 278 acres at the village of Linwood, 14 miles from Glasgow. The plant, the most advanced of its kind in the world, has been designed to build 150,000 cars a year and eventually 5,500 people will be employed there.

Nearly half this total are already at work. The site is laid out with a view to the eventual expansion of the factory buildings to twice their present size. There are four main production blocks: an aluminium die-casting plant which is unique in British industry and which will be used to volume-produce the Imp's aluminium cylinder block, gearbox, clutch housing and other components; the unit machine shop where 458 highly specialised and automated machines will turn out components for the engine, transmission and suspension; the assembly shop, with a main assembly line 670 ft. long; and, across the road, an extension to the Pressed Steel Company's plant, where the Imp bodies are being stamped out.

This Pressed Steel extension provides a body assembly, paint and trim shop. By the time the Imp shells are sent over the new, dual-track Linwood road by enclosed conveyor bridge to the main Rootes factory they are completely painted bodies incorporating about 150 items of trim, windows, seats, wiring, chrome strip and carpeting.

Rootes production engineers have scoured Europe and North America to make certain the machines and equipment in the new Linwood factory are the best and most modern they could get. They bought automatic transfer machines and X-ray equipment from Germany, die-casting plant from Switzerland and air compressors from Sweden. By the end of the year 1,800 new homes will have been built at Linwood for Rootes employees and there are plans for four additional schools, two more churches, two shopping centres, cinemas and a new luxury hotel.

There is always a special fascination in road-testing foreign cars because they usually offer features which provide a refreshing variation on the British design theme. The French-built Peugeot 404—which recently won the East African Safari rally after being second last year—is no exception. In saying that I am thinking of its steering lock; its circular fresh air vents, at both ends of the facia, which can be turned round to aim cool air in various directions; parking lights; two-pressure horn ring for town or country hooting; a stalk on the steering column to control the lights. The most distinctive feature of this conventional, robust, well-built car is the spring-loaded steering column change lever for the all-synchromesh four-speed gearbox. The movements of this lever in getting the required gear are most unusual by British standards and I never really got used to it. Nevertheless, I enjoyed driving this 1,618 c.c., five-seat saloon, with its inclined, over-square engine. It does nearly 85 m.p.h., 30 m.p.g. if you are careful, and costs £1,076. I liked the fully reclining front seats, the stainless steel bumpers, the sliding roof option at £18 extra and the no-nonsense parking brake under the facia. I thought the permanent mounting points for the roof rack were an aesthetic blemish and that the front seats are too softly sprung, with a driving position that is too low.

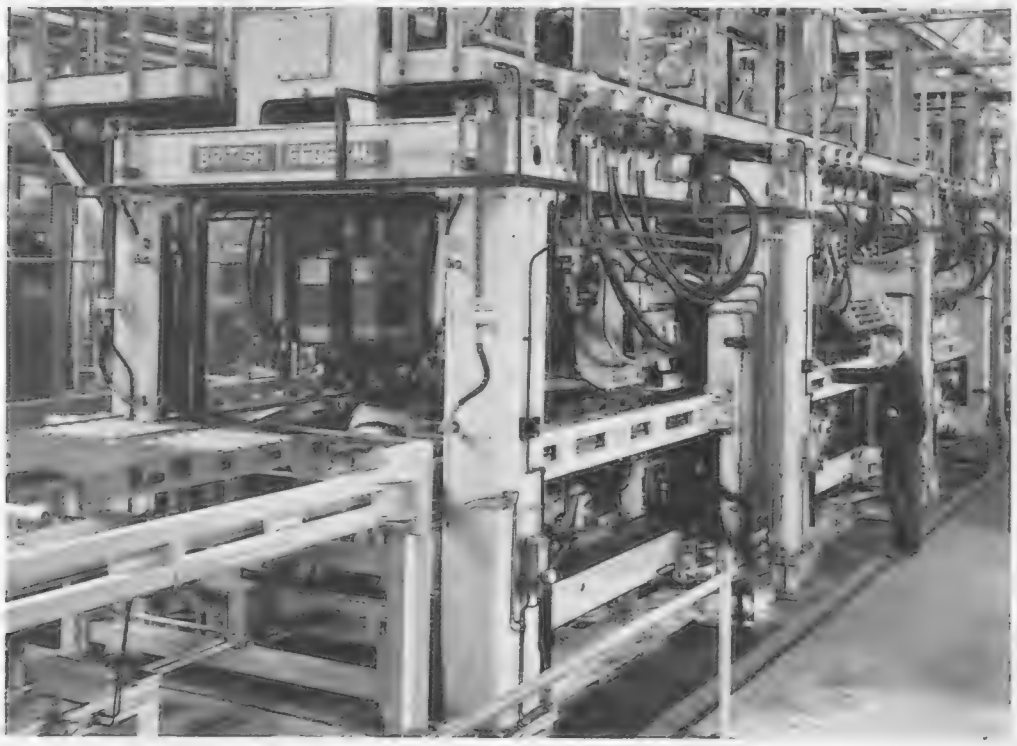
There was a fascinating article in *Autocar* recently about three men and a girl who piled into a Ford Cortina at Lewisham, S.E., one Friday evening and in the next 49 hours travelled 1,383 miles over a carefully planned route embracing every county in England: all of them. They got back to Lewisham on the Sunday evening after going round England clockwise. This unusual motoring weekend originated in a discussion on the shortest route linking all the counties. It was planned on a full set of sixpenny maps published by one of the oil companies and which were pasted together to form one huge map nine feet long.

It was agreed that at least ten miles should be travelled in each county and that a self-addressed postcard should be mailed in each as proof of the Cortina's passage. Driving time totalled just over 35 hours at an average speed of 39·5 m.p.h. Overall average was 28·3 m.p.h. On the first night they camped outside Exeter for a few hours in a tent taken for the purpose. Their second and last kip was near Penrith. Their account of the journey speaks of glimpsing the cold glittering sea at midnight at Charmouth in Dorset; of the prison lights at Princetown appearing through the gloom; of the prettiness of the drive through Somerset, across Marlborough Downs and over the Chilterns.

Worsening traffic congestion in London and other big cities has produced a significant new motoring trend: the growing popularity of baby cars, and particularly the BMC Mini, converted to luxury standards for use as prestige cars by business executives. Often they are chauffeur driven. New evidence of this vogue has been provided by two British firms who could be described as specialists in *de luxe* motoring: Harold Radford (Coachbuilders) Ltd. and the Ogle Design Organisation.

Radfords, well-known Rolls Royce and Bentley coachbuilders, to whose "Countryman" conversions I have often referred on this page, have introduced what they call "a super-luxury Mini for the rich City director who finds that his large £5,000 limousine has become almost useless in busy city traffic." It will be known as the Mini de Ville and is offered in three versions: the Grande Luxe model (£1,088 including tax); Bel Air (£223 more than the normal price of the Mini model chosen for "treatment"); and De Luxe £87 10s. more). The Grande Luxe model is based on the 997 c.c. Mini-Cooper and its special features include complete retrim in top quality leather, electrically operated windows, sunshine roof, two-tone painting to Rolls-Royce standards and recessed spot and reversing lights. Discussing the new Radford conversions Mr. L. A. Minshall, managing director, told me: "I am convinced the future

(*Continued on page 204*)



Rootes' new Linwood plant—**left:** multi-welding machine in the Body Unit Assembly, and **right:** brake drums are machined on the Ryder rotary automatic machine

WEDGWOOD Traditional

In 1775 John Flaxman designed the Dancing Hours figures for Josiah Wedgwood's newly created Jasper. Today, the Dancing Hours theme —valued by connoisseurs both as a technical triumph and as an ornament perfect of its kind—is still reproduced by Wedgwood craftsmen from replicas of the original moulds. The Dancing Hours Vase has become part of the Wedgwood tradition.

In January this year, Wedgwood introduced the Black Basalt herb and spice jars. These new pieces, created by Robert Minkin, are perfect examples of Wedgwood excellence in contemporary design: destined, perhaps, to become even more admired in two hundred years' time.

Wedgwood also enjoy a world-famous reputation for fine bone china and Queen's Ware. Designed in patterns both traditional and contemporary, each piece is as elegantly fashioned as befits a collector's item.

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MOTORING

(*Continued from page 202*)

of the British craftsman-coachbuilding industry lies in the 'tailoring' of production cars to the personal needs of their discriminating owners."

The Ogle organisation, based at Letchworth, Herts, has announced a "super" version of its 90 m.p.h., twin-carburettor, Ogle SX1000 (based on the Mini-Cooper) which costs no more than the model it replaces —£1,070 including tax—although Mr. John Ogier, chairman, claims the improvements cost £70 in materials alone. The additional features include reclining seats; new chrome bumpers and over-riders; and headlamp flashers. The fresh air heater and special rear seat squab, which formerly were optional extras, now become standard equipment.

More and more motorists in Britain are turning to automatic transmission. The old prejudice in favour of manual control is fast disappearing. At present the popularity of self-changing gearboxes is most pronounced among the owners of high-powered cars, but BMC reports that the proportion of buyers of its 1·6-litre "Farina" range, who specify automatic transmission, is growing all the time. Motorists, as a race, no longer regard robot gears as only a big car luxury and Holland's little DAF, whose belt-and-pulley transmission gives infinitely variable gearing, deserves part of the credit for breaking down the old conservative attitude. The self-change gearboxes most widely used in Britain are, of course, those built at Letchworth, Herts, by Borg Warner Ltd., who make the surprising claim that on a world-wide basis two out of every five motorists are opting for automatic transmission. Symptomatic of the way in which British motorists are coming to accept automatic drive is the fact that whereas Borg-Warner boxes were specified by just under 60 per cent. of all buyers of the Jaguar Mark VII in its peak production year, the corresponding figure for its successor, the Jaguar Mark VIII was nearly 83 per cent.; while that for the Mark IX saloon was over 87 per cent.

The Peugeot 404 five-seat saloon costs £1,076

Briefly. . . The largest shipment of Ford cars ever to go from Britain—1,200 Cortinas—left Dagenham recently for Italy in the s.s. *Norse Coral*. . . . Congratulations to 56-years-old Mr. Alex Issigonis, technical director of the British Motor Corporation and designer of the Morris Minor and Mini ranges, on his appointment to the board of the Corporation. . . . The Minister of Transport has accepted the £1,069,956 tender of Brims and Co. Ltd., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a four-span concrete bridge, three viaducts and other structures to carry M1 across the river Trent and its flood plain on the Leicestershire-Derbyshire boundary. . . . Aston Martin drivers at Le Mans will be Bruce McLaren, Innes Ireland, Phil Hill (1961 Grand Prix world champion, and three times winner at Le Mans), Bill Kimberley, Jo Schlesser and Lucien Bianchi. . . . The famous London Clinic now has a neighbouring mechanical counterpart: a Crypton car clinic in the Marylebone High Street garage of R. Hardy and Son. . . . The latest improvement planned for the Great North Road (A1) is an eight-miles by-pass for Sutton-on-Trent, Weston and Tuxford in Nottinghamshire.

The Mini de Ville de luxe conversion by Harold Radford

The Ogle SX1000 based on the Mini-Cooper

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

EXCURSION INTO EAST ANGLIA. When March winds blow, and often from the east, it might not appear—to a South Coast dweller—to be the ideal time to tour Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk. Believe it or not, we found it warmer for, though the wind was sometimes strong, it was not laden with moisture as it so often is in the south or west. In short, the nearer we approached the East Coast the more we became conscious of the fact that we were on the drier side of Britain.

The objection also was raised, prior to our departure, that we should find many hotels closed. That, of course, was so. So all honour to those who remain open and in many cases were reaping the reward of enterprise.

Our first stop was at the foot of Gun Hill on the A12 London/Gt. Yarmouth road, 61 miles from London and seven miles from Colchester. Here, around 12.30 p.m., we drove in to the car park of the attractive Le Talbooth Restaurant and Hotel, quite expecting that we would be the sole occupants. On the contrary, some dozen cars had all preceded us. By one o'clock the cocktail bar and restaurant were full and we counted ourselves fortunate in getting a table at all. Expressing our surprise to Mr. Gerald Milsom, he told us it was almost an everyday occurrence, and even during the severe winter local people had braved the elements to enjoy honest food and authentic wine in his cosy candlelit restaurant.

Later we nosed our car out cautiously across the main road, took the turning to Dedham and a hundred yards or so farther on called into Dedham Vale Hotel, a charming country house, presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Milsom senior.

Here again we found a "full house" for luncheon. Such is the lure of good food and wine, served efficiently in attractive surroundings.

With the aid of a map we steered a course to Frinton-on-Sea as our goal for dinner and the night. Little was stirring in this unspoilt and unspoilable resort and the absence of life was accentuated by the fact that it was a Wednesday—early closing day. Heading for the 26-bedroom *Frinton Lodge Hotel*, surely one of the smallest four star hotels in Britain, we experienced, as before, warmth of welcome and temperature for unexpected visitors, a delightful decor, most comfortable surroundings, a dinner menu surprisingly comprehensive, wines quickly obtainable at the correct temperature, and a staff, pleasant and polished staff. How well Major and Mrs. F. E. McNelly uphold their hotel slogan "The choice of the Connoisseur."

Next morning, in good heart, we pursued a course via Manningtree to Ipswich and came quite by chance on a small Manor House—*Belstead Brook Hotel*. Its discovery was the more delightful because, 12 months previously, we had heard its praises sung in Devon. Architecturally planned to harmonise with the 20 acres of grounds in which it stands, the scene is rural, yet only two miles away lies the centre of Ipswich. When Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hatfield acquired the property they had in mind, firstly, a venue where a limited number of people could enjoy near perfection in food and wine in a leisured manner, free from the turmoil of city life. Secondly, they realised that *Belstead Brook* would make a splendid base for visiting the coastline from Aldeburgh to Frinton, and scenes depicted by Constable in the Dedham Vale and Stour Valley. And so it has proved. The hall-lounge bar, with its heavy oak panelling and open log fire, fosters a sense of welcome, as does the candlelit restaurant, or its off-shoot, the library, while the gracious environment is supplemented by the friendliness and efficiency of Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield.

Lunch-time brought us to the A12 Woodbridge By-Pass. Keeping an eye lifted for the *Seckford Hall Hotel* sign, we turned down a lane, passed through the entrance gates of this Elizabethan showpiece and, once again, found everyone and everybody alert for chance custom. What a pleasant introduction to Suffolk our luncheon proved.

Normally on our travels we do not book our accommodation ahead, yet the *Maid's Head Hotel* at Norwich must ever be one of our exceptions. The reason? All hotel accommodation in Norwich is likely to be fully booked from Monday to Thursday, as Norwich is the focal centre of ecclesiastical, industrial and county interests. Situated in the curiously named Tombland, close by the Cathedral, the entrance to the *Maid's Head Hotel* today forms part of a modern new wing, comprising 20 bedrooms, all with private bathrooms, toilets and central heating. We unreservedly endorse the wording of their brochure "The beds are superb." Altogether the hotel now has 75 bedrooms and, though the majority are in the older part of the building, they are all modernly equipped and are a great credit to the directorate (all prominent local men) and Mr. J. Alan Pike, the resident manager, and his wife, who superintended every move in this reconstruction and redevelopment. Thus, modern amenities have been installed and the old atmosphere of gracious living maintained, particularly in the Courtyard Bar, where warmth, mellowness and conversation flowed freely. There is an elegant restaurant, where we tasted the ingredients of gracious living from a comprehensive choice of English and Continental dishes and vintage wines, and found a knowledgeable and interested staff, with no overcrowding of tables. There is ample garage and parking space at the rear of the hotel, and the 10 per cent. service charge, in lieu of gratuities, really does work—every member of the staff is a beneficiary.

Next day we set off to revisit the *Carlton* at Great Yarmouth. Always wearing a pristine and decorative look, and designed to capture the maximum of sunshine, the *Carlton* knows no off-season. The pity of it was that we called too early for luncheon! Or was it? For otherwise as the clock struck one o'clock we should not have driven through the entrance of *Cringles*, Potter Heigham. Though designated a Country Club, *Cringles* is open and licensed throughout the year (Mondays excepted) for non-members calling in for a meal. What a delightful find it proved. A menu of wide choice, everything cooked to order, unusual touches in sauces and trimmings, wine correctly served and the whole place a family concern and so run with enthusiasm, efficiency and friendliness. Potter Heigham is one of the principal "ports" for a Broadland holiday and lies on the A149 Gt. Yarmouth/Cromer road.

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GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

Champagne, in some ways, has the highest standing of all wines. For centuries it has been a desirable and expensive and at the same time a light-hearted and gay symbolic accompaniment of rejoicing, celebration and well-being—the perfect drink for the wedding reception. What is the secret that gives Champagne this outstanding and unique position? Exceptional geographical and geological conditions which have no exact equal anywhere else, combined with human ingenuity, have produced a wine in the Champagne region of France—strictly limited by law—which has gained the appreciation and admiration of people everywhere in the world where wine is known and enjoyed. The froth, the bubbles and the sparkle are not the only attributes of this wine which merit such an acclaim. Sparkling wines are made in many other places, in fact nearly everywhere where wine is produced, even in America and Australia. Some of these are good, others not so good, but none of them is equal to the sparkling wines made in this limited corner of France around the valley of the River Marne.

Before the sparkling quality was ever thought of, or even possible because of technical limitations such as the absence of corks for example, the wines of Champagne had a high reputation. They were regarded on a par with the wines of Burgundy, and sometimes they were even preferred. Surprisingly, for a short spell in the history of wine, sparkling champagne was drunk in England before it was heard of in Paris. It had appeared and was enjoyed during the Restoration and was said to be the favourite drink of the Merrie Monarch. Corks were already in use in England and champagne was made sparkling after it had been shipped in cask and bottled before its second fermentation.

In France the blind monk, Dom Perignon (1657-1715), cellarer at the Abbey of Hautvillers, is regarded as the father of sparkling champagne. Not only is he supposed to have discovered the advantage of keeping the carbonic gas, the "fizz," in the bottle by the use of corks, but he was also a great expert with an exceptionally good palate. Whereas before his time wine from the region was shipped from individual estates and vineyards, he was the first man to introduce one of the most important features into champagne, the blending of wines from the different

Picking the grapes in the vineyards of Lanson Père et Fils of Reims

vineyards. This did and still does give champagne its completeness in character, and, with very few exceptions, all the great champagnes we know owe their great qualities to clever blending.

The grapes used for the making of champagne are of two kinds, the black Pinot, and the white Chardonnay. Most good champagnes are basically a blend of wines of these two. The judicious balancing of ingredients in each category, with subtle differences owing to the peculiarities of soil, situation and climate of the different vineyards, complicate the process of blending. Three-fifths to two-thirds of the wine used in the best marques comes from the black grapes, which are squashed in large presses quickly so that the white juice can be run away before it takes colour from the black skins, except in the case of pink champagne. The large houses in Champagne have the advantage of owning vineyards in the different areas, so that they have the best ingredients for blending

(Continued on page 20

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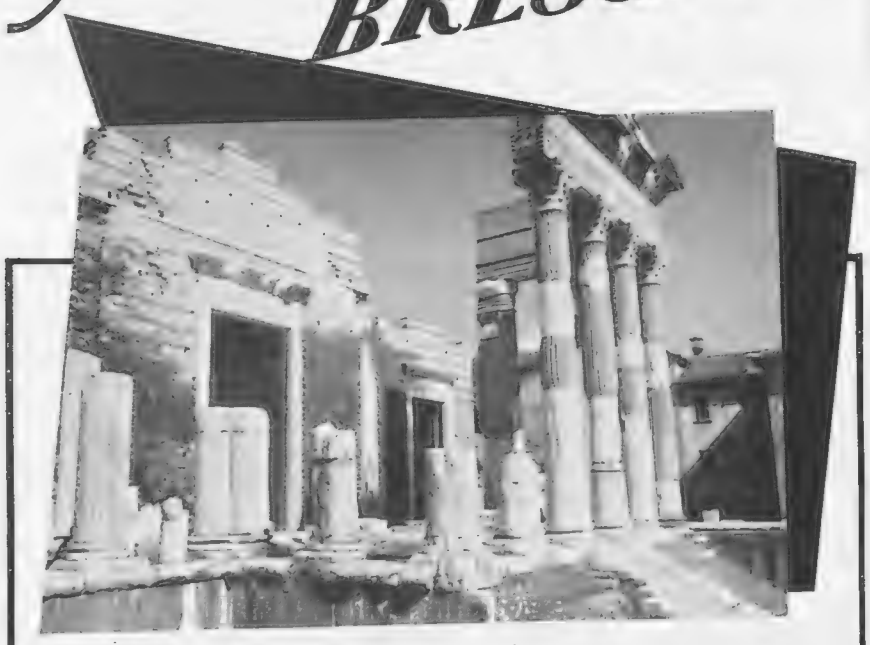

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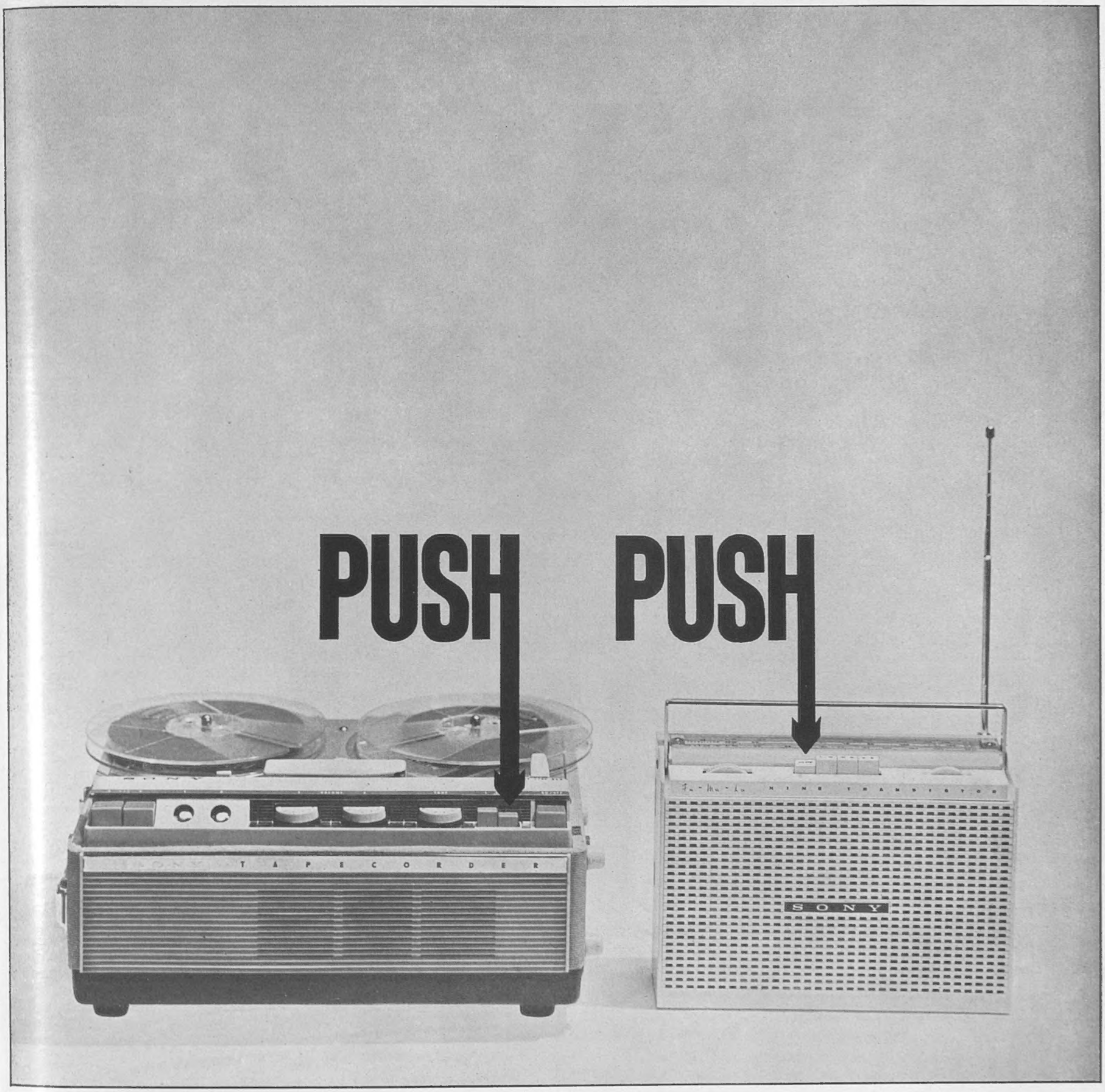

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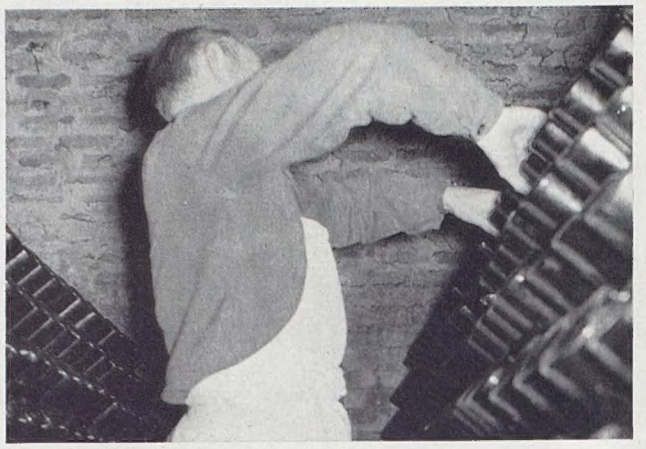

Bottles of Black Label champagne undergoing "remuage-ment". **Right:** The frozen sediment is being disgorged

GOOD LIVING (*Continued from page 206*)

at their disposal. Blending takes place after the first fermentation and requires great individual skill, for qualities must be assessed not so much on the present but on the future they promise.

According to the chemical composition of the young wine, which varies from year to year, sugar and yeast may have to be added before the wine is bottled and stored in the deep, vast cellars excavated in the chalk hills, where the temperature is always the same and the most suitable for making champagne. The second fermentation now takes place, the sugar becomes alcohol and carbonic acid, which is dissolved in the wine, and a great pressure is built up inside the bottle. Unfortunately, a sediment is also produced which must be got rid of. This is done by a painstaking, slow process called remuage. The bottles are placed into special racks called pupitres, and by careful shaking and turning, day by day, and by moving the bottles a fraction very gradually every time, until eventually they are upside down, all the sediment is collected nearest to the cork. A long rest of several years follows and, eventually, by freezing the neck only, the sediment can be removed when the temporary cork is released. To replace the volume lost, "liqueur d'expedition" is added before the bottle is finally closed with the familiar cork tied on by wire. This dosage determines the sweetness of the champagne, but even the very dryest, "brut"—which, following the "goût Anglais" has become very popular in most countries, including France—contains a small amount of sugar. Sweet champagne is still liked in some places.

Because champagne is a blended wine—even the blanc de blancs, which is made of white grapes only, is blended of grapes from different vineyards of the Côtes des Blancs—and because it is possible to add wines of better years to those of poorer vintages, the makers can maintain a constant quality and character continuously in their "non-vintage" champagne. This should not be despised, therefore, for it is the "bread-and-butter" of the particular firm, and is therefore of high standard.

Only wines of exceptionally good years are sold as vintage champagne, and in these, apart from a certain "house style," the character of the particular vintage predominates. Vintage champagne is usually shipped after six to seven years and, naturally, in limited quantities. Most firms now offer 1955 vintage, while supplies last, but the next, 1959, vintage will not be available, generally, before the end of 1964 at the earliest. The quality of champagne is affected by the quality of the wines used in the blending and therefore some are better than others. There are enough "grandes marques," which are all first quality to suit individual tastes, both in vintage and non-vintage wines. Some firms make limited quantities of special superior brands, such as Moet and Chandon's "Dom Perignon," others offer a blanc de blancs (e.g. Mercier), a lighter, slightly more acid, but delicate wine, sometimes preferred as an aperitif. Other names than the grand marques are so called B.O.B. (Buyers' own Brand). These are usually a little cheaper, can be vintage, or non-vintage. They can be very good value, but instead of the guarantee of a great name in champagne, they only carry the safeguard of the wine-merchant's own reputation.

One of the many galleries of the champagne cellar in Reims

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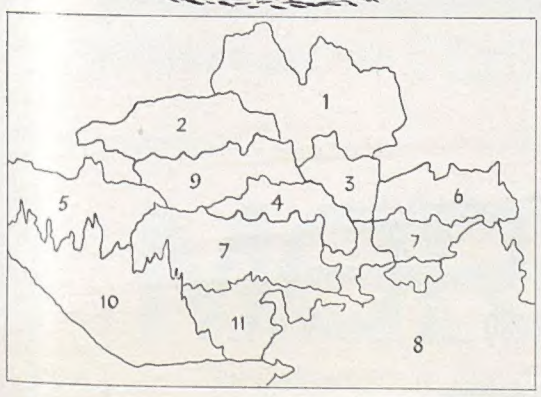

Rudding Park, Yorkshire

In gardening the word 'modern' does not mean bleak or functional, as it so often does in other spheres, and the extremely modern gardens at Rudding Park are romantic and colourful. They contrast strongly with the house, built in 1807, once described as 'severe, refined and fastidious, a prelude to the Regency,' which overlooks the plain of York and the gnarled surviving oaks of the Forest of Knaresborough.

The garden lies behind, with woodlands on one side, full of good shrubs and interesting trees, and a more formal axis on the other, leading to a walled garden with herbaceous borders, past a series of rose gardens. It is one of these which is illustrated here. Though the climate is far from warm, the shelter of the woodlands allows the Chilean Tree Mallow, *Abutilon vitifolium* (1), often considered tender, to grow into a small tree. All the roses here flower the summer long. Wilhelm (2)—more aptly, perhaps, called Skyrocket in America—has a final fling of red hips. Yellow is introduced in Gold Bush (3), with handsome coral-coloured buds and sweetbriar fragrance, in the compact floribunda Allgold (4), and in the sturdy Golden Delight (5). This is at its most beautiful in cooler autumn days, as is the richly perfumed Autumn Delight (6), one of the original hybrid musk roses, which makes a small, neat bush. White comes from the floribunda Irene of Denmark (7), while the vivid, fragrant Rosemary Rose (8), though also a floribunda, has unusual flat, rosette-like blooms. *Campanula lactiflora* (9) is long lived and long flowering, and the only other herbaceous plants here are used for the long-term effect of their foliage—the soft, woolly Lamb's Ears, *Stachys lanata* (10), and the golden-leaved sage, *Salvia officinalis aurea* (11).

Rudding Park, seat of Mr. J. B. E. Radcliffe, is 3 miles south-east of Harrogate on a side road off A 661. House and garden are open from Easter to October every day, except Fridays, from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.; Bank Holiday weekends, Saturday to Tuesday, from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

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